

SMILIN' ED'S

Buster Brown

Joe Brown

Book No. 17

Rachel

Jefferson

6-9-73

COMICS

Book
No. 17



Buster Brown
Listen
Kids — Listen in every Saturday morning
WSM 10:30 A.M.

HOPKINSVILLE BOOTERY

HOPKINSVILLE, KY.

YOUR FRIENDLY STORE





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM



Hi, Buddies and Sweethearts!

Be sure to get this swell new neckerchief. Wear it and let everybody know you belong to the Buster Brown Gang.

EACH NECKERCHIEF IN 3 BEAUTIFUL COLORS!



EACH NECKERCHIEF ALMOST TWO FEET SQUARE!



Here's the good-looking gold-colored metal clip that comes with every neckerchief and holds it in place when you wear it.

Why, in the stores this combination would cost 80¢ or more! But as a Buster Brown Gang member you can get *both* for only . . .

25¢

**THIS
IS A WOW!
WANTA KNOW HOW
TO GET IT?
SEE INSIDE BACK
COVER**

A CIRCUS AT THE CIRCUS

With Smilin' Ed and his Gang

AH YES, SMILIN' ED, MY BARRUM DAILY AND STINGLING BROTHERS CIRCUS IS PLAYING HERE IN YOUR TOWN, AND I THOUGHT I'D LIKE TO HAVE YOU AND YOUR LITTLE FRIENDS COME ALONG AS MY GUESTS.

I ALWAYS WANTED TO BE A LION TAMER, I DID, I DID!

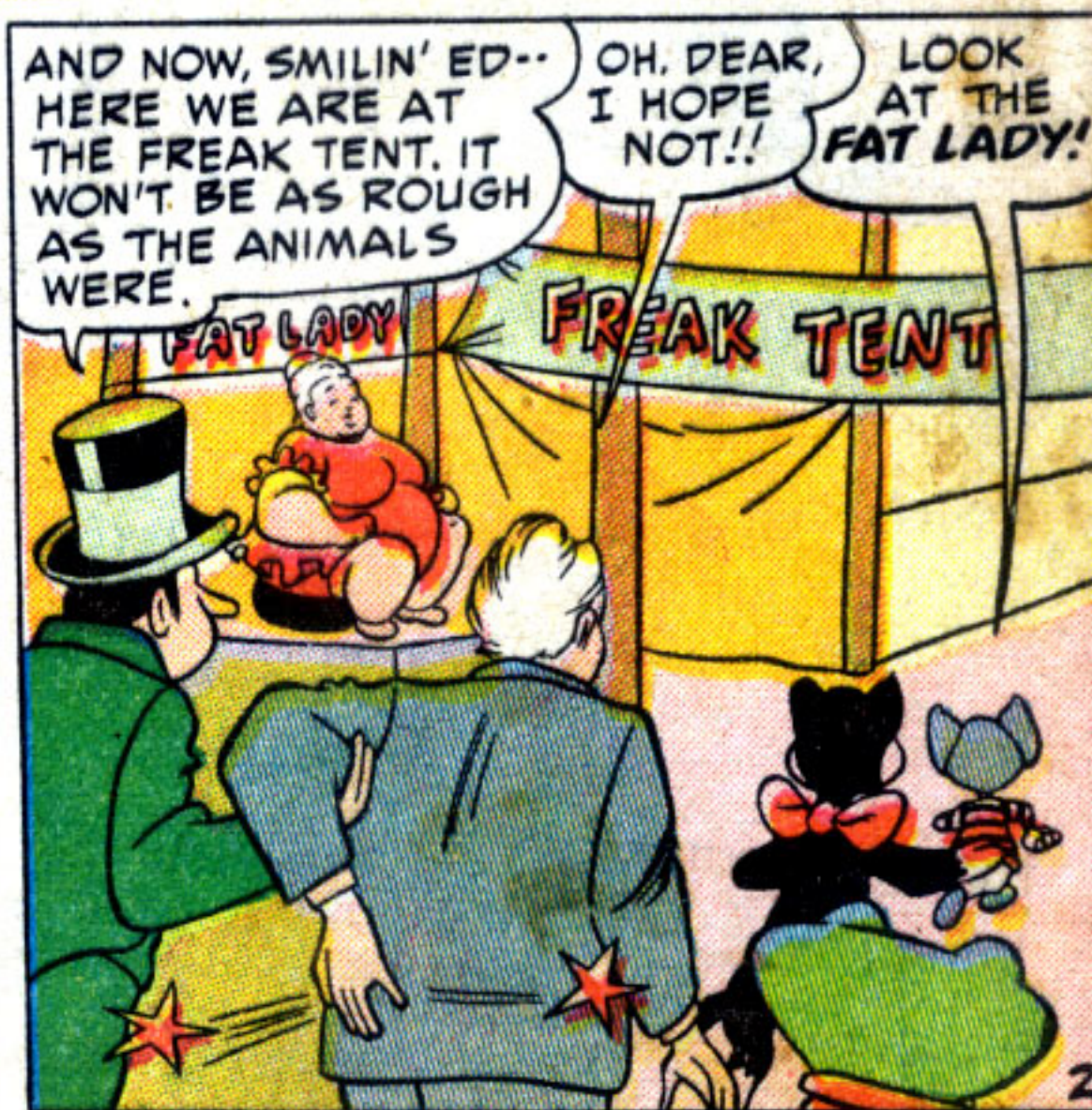
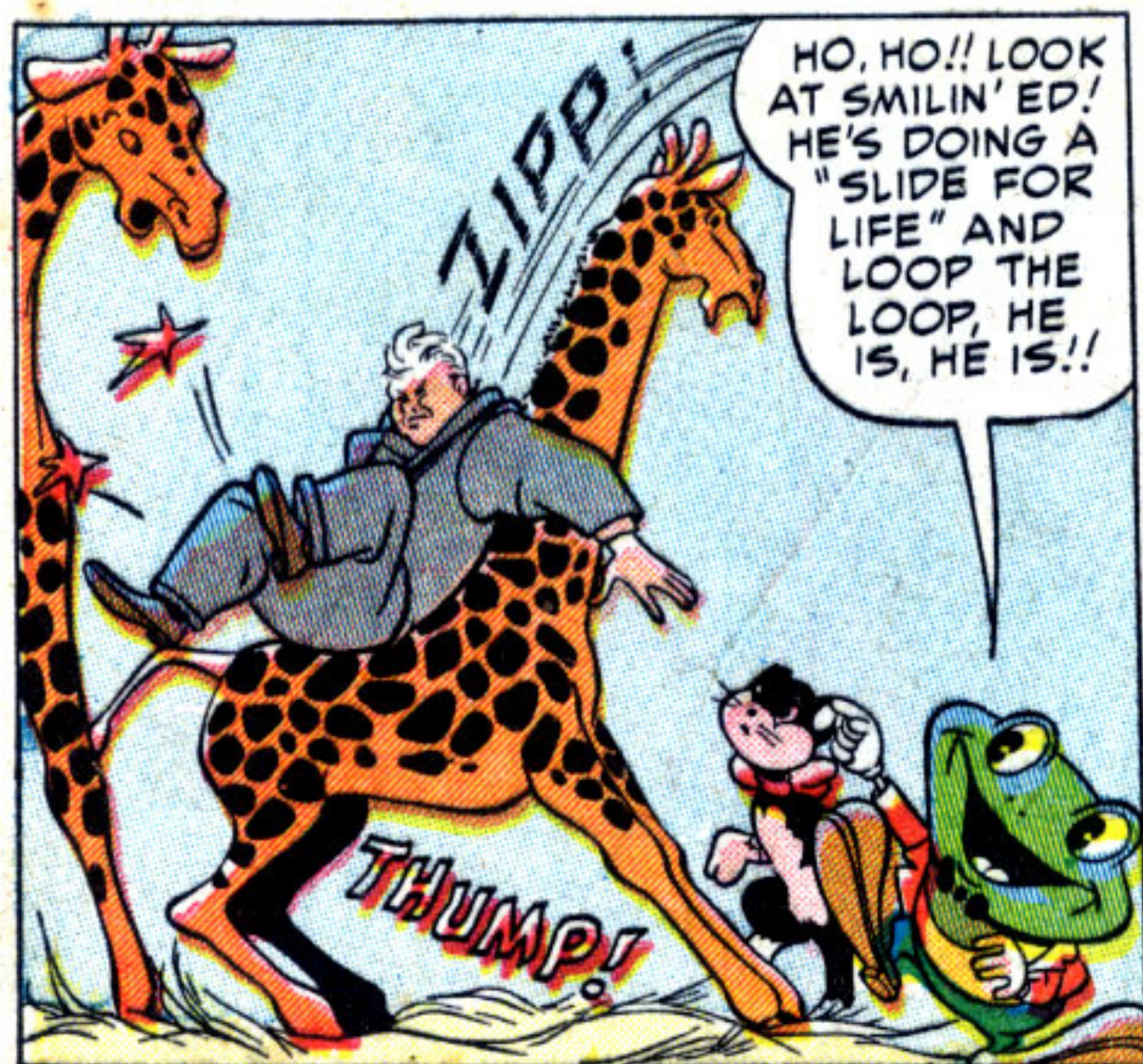
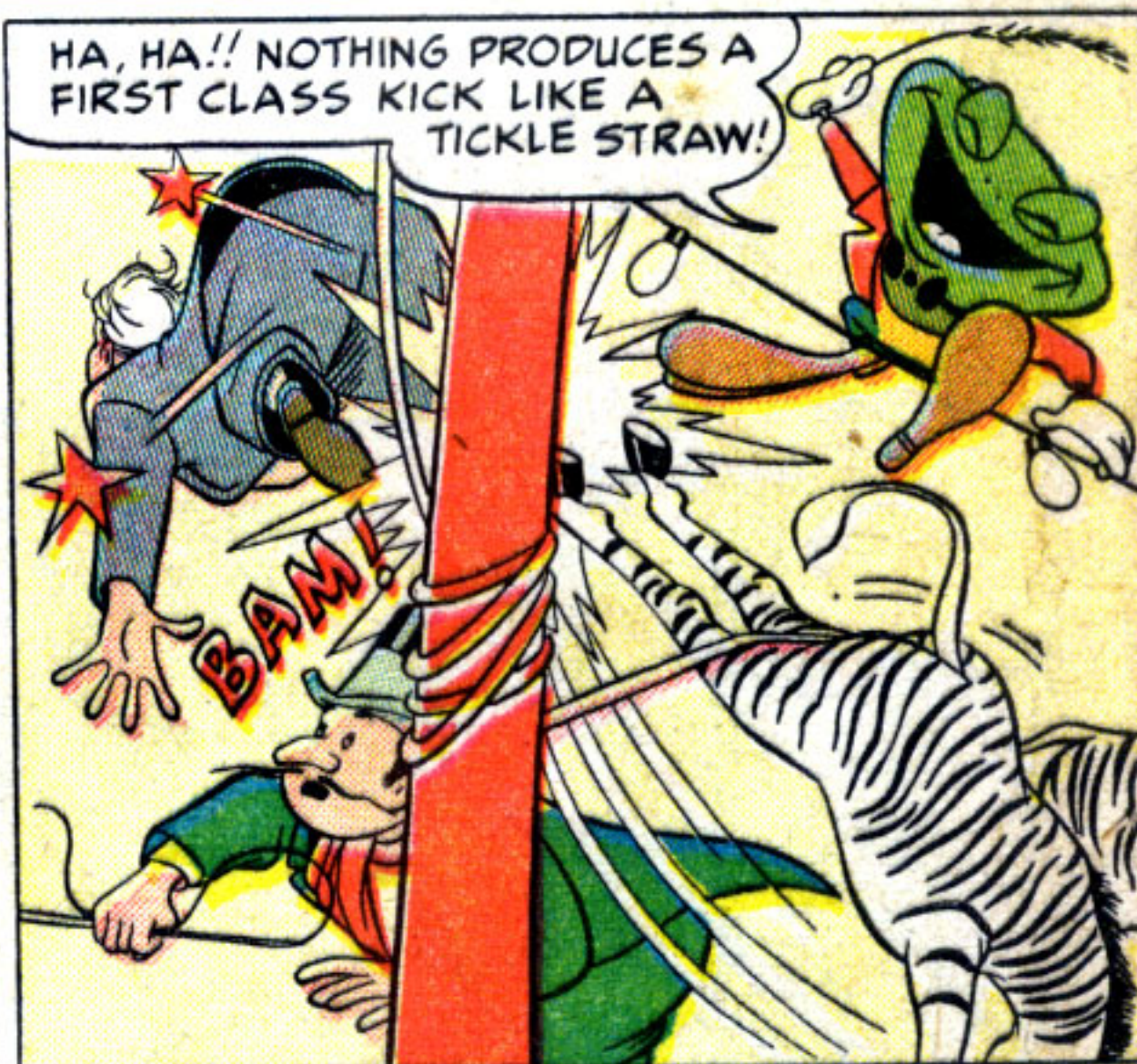
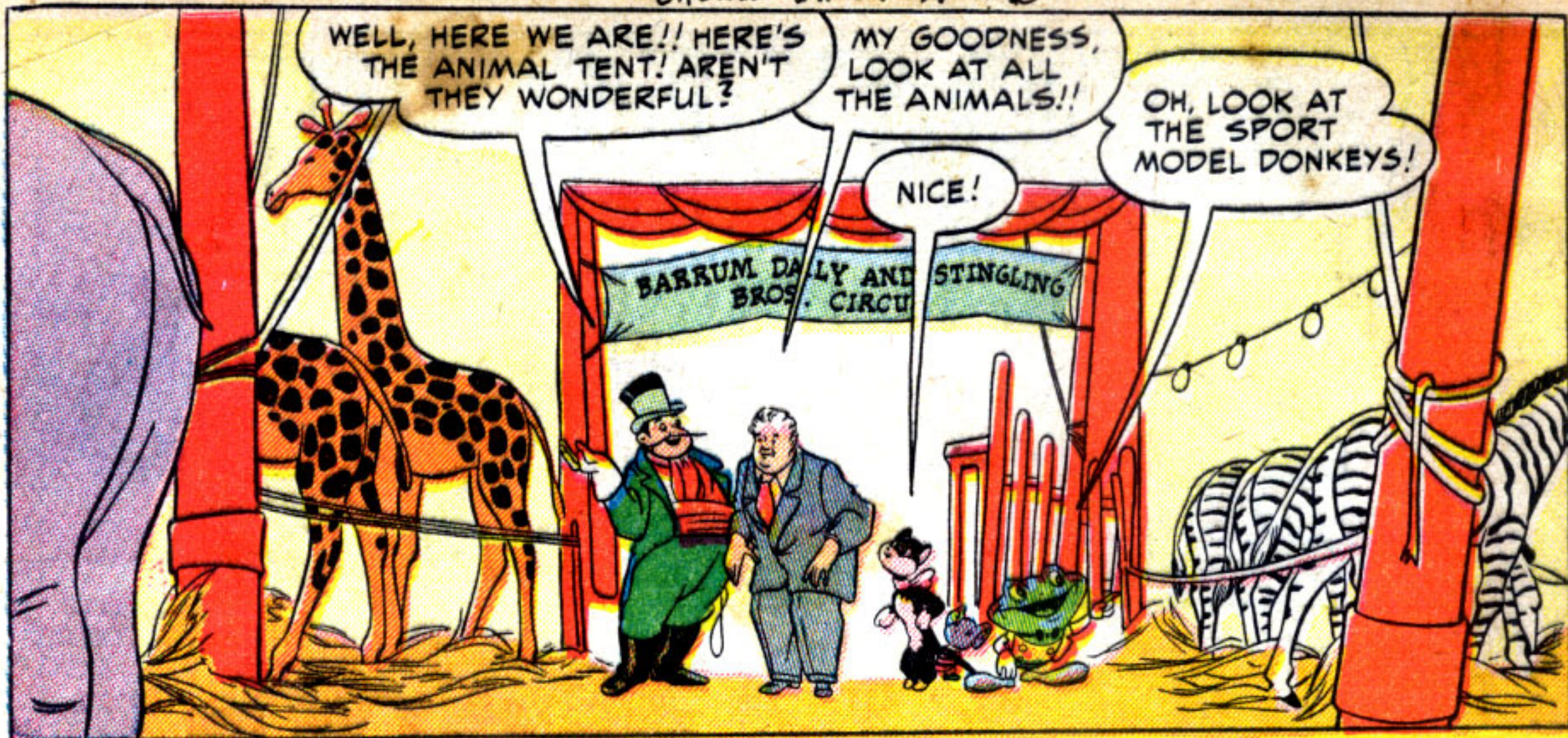
WE'RE DELIGHTED, MR. DAILY. I'M SURE THAT MIDNIGHT THE CAT, SQUEEKIE THE MOUSE AND FROGGY THE GREMLIN ARE TICKLED TO GO.

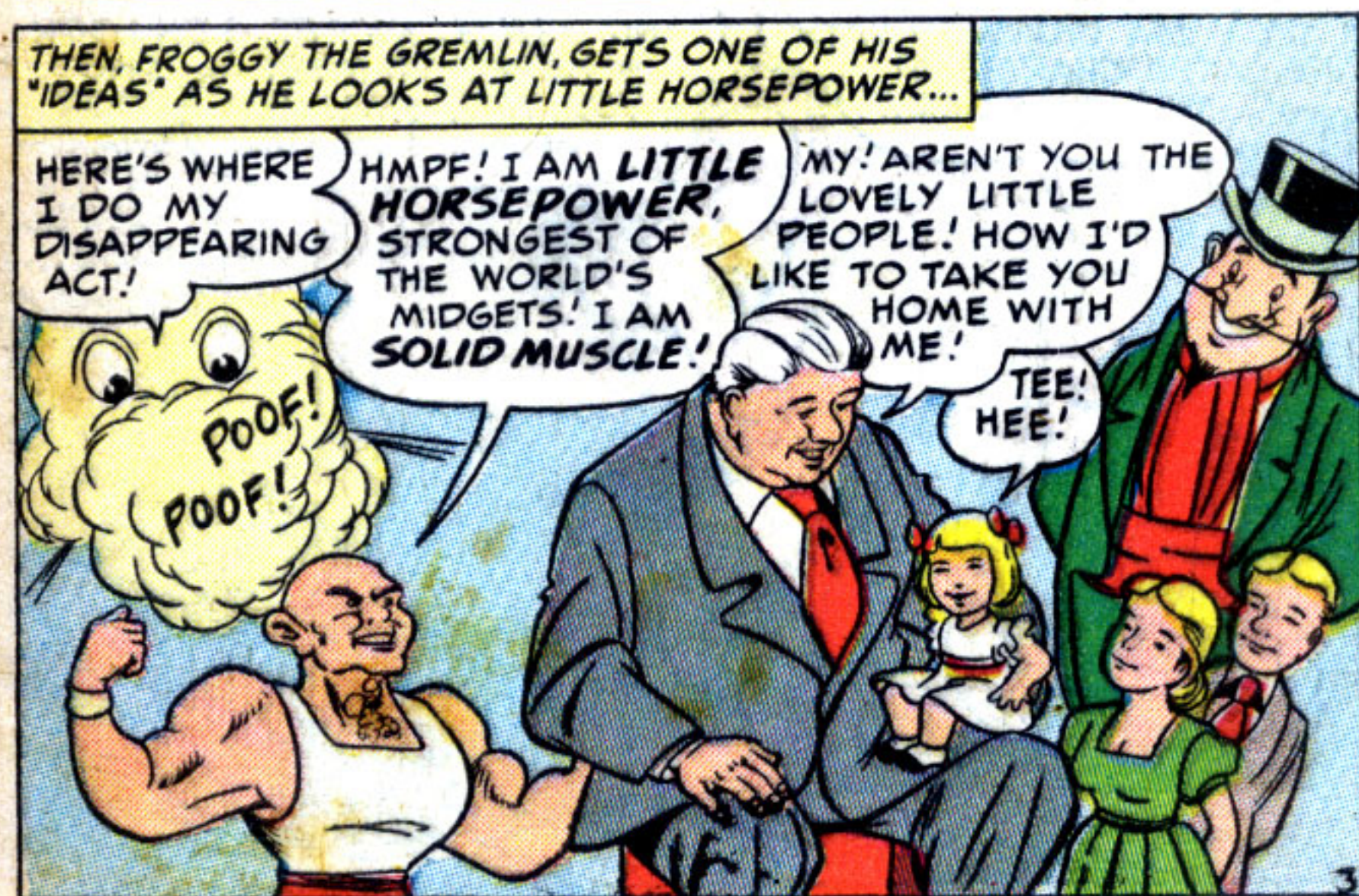
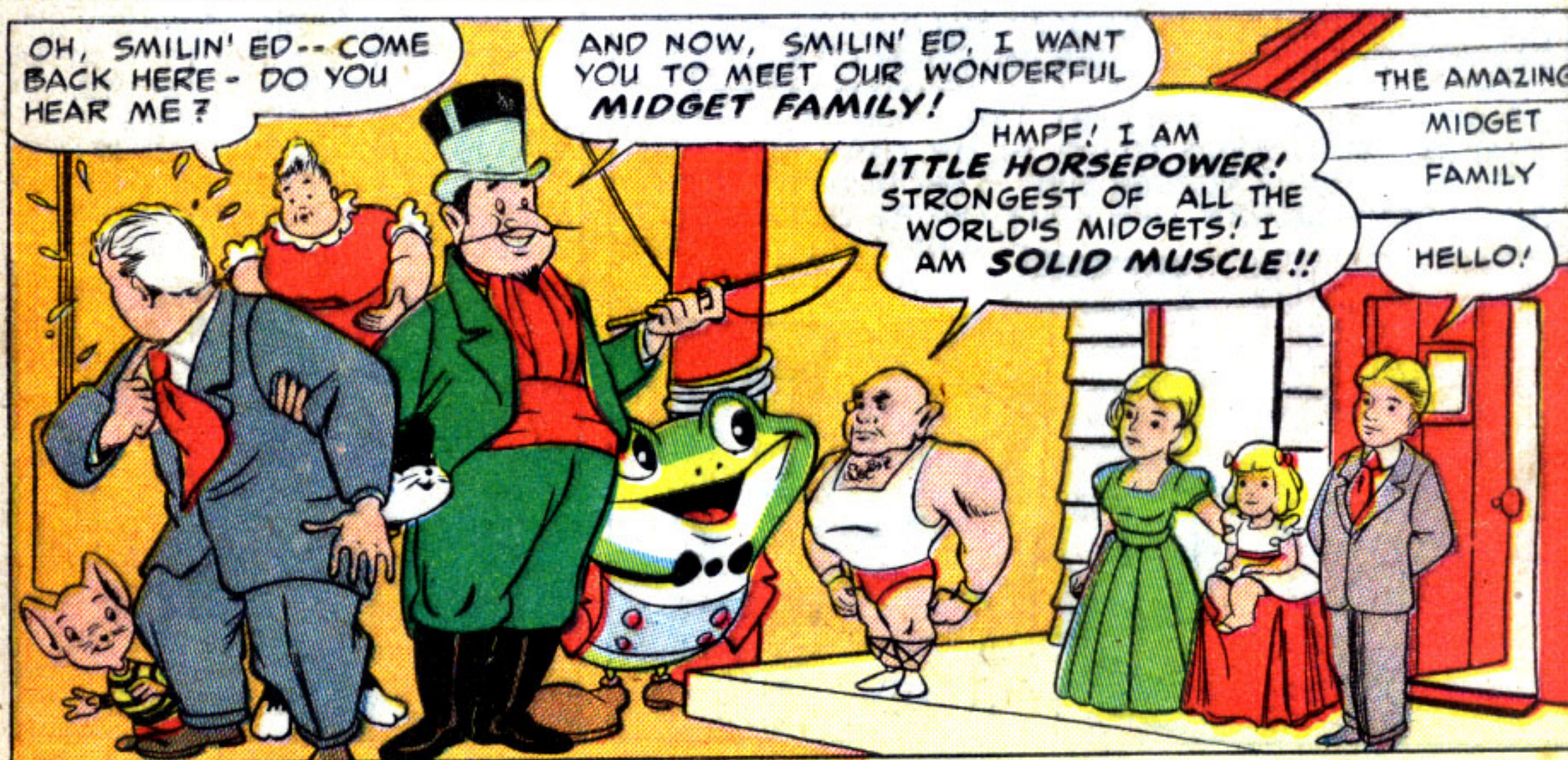
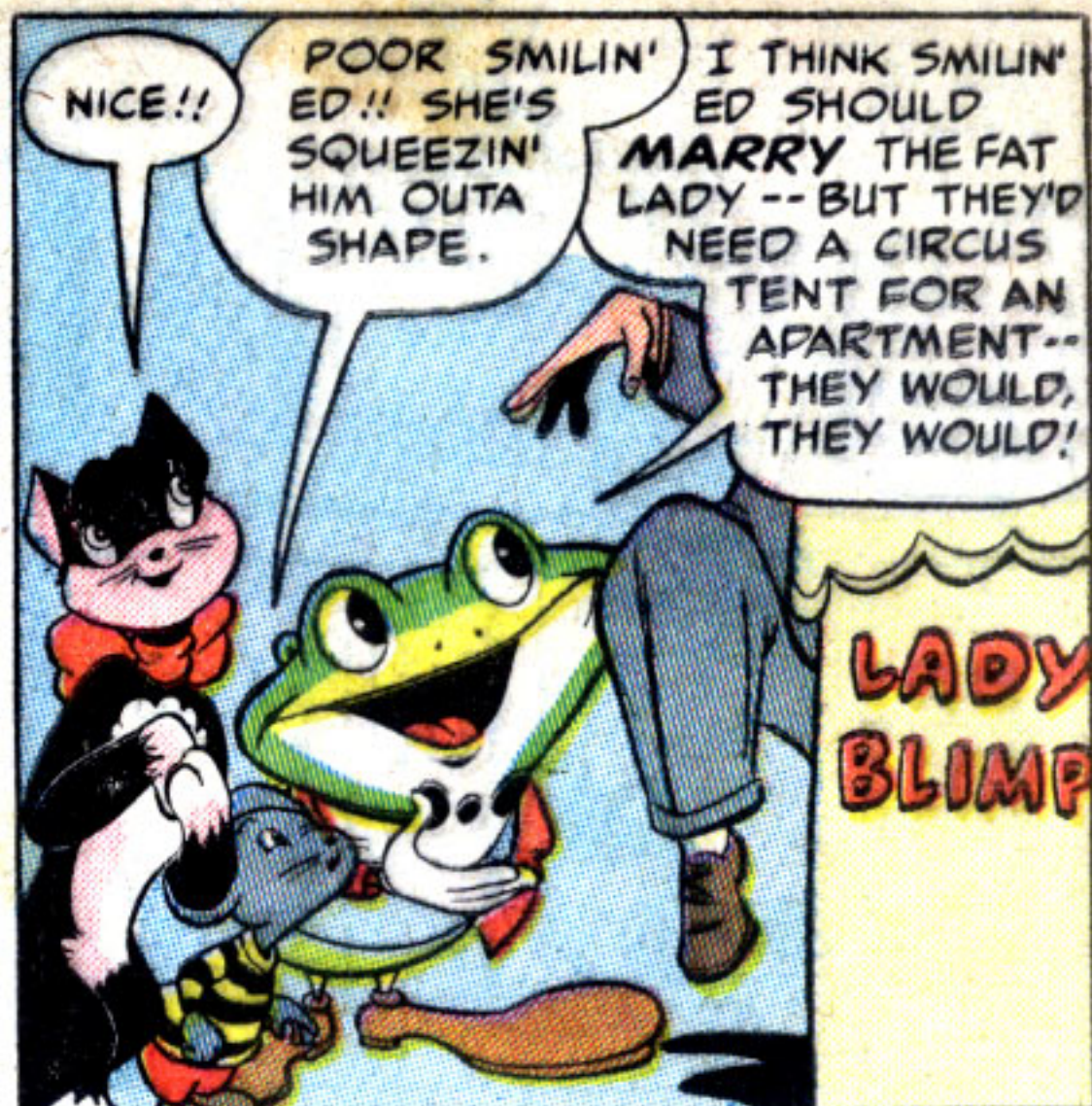
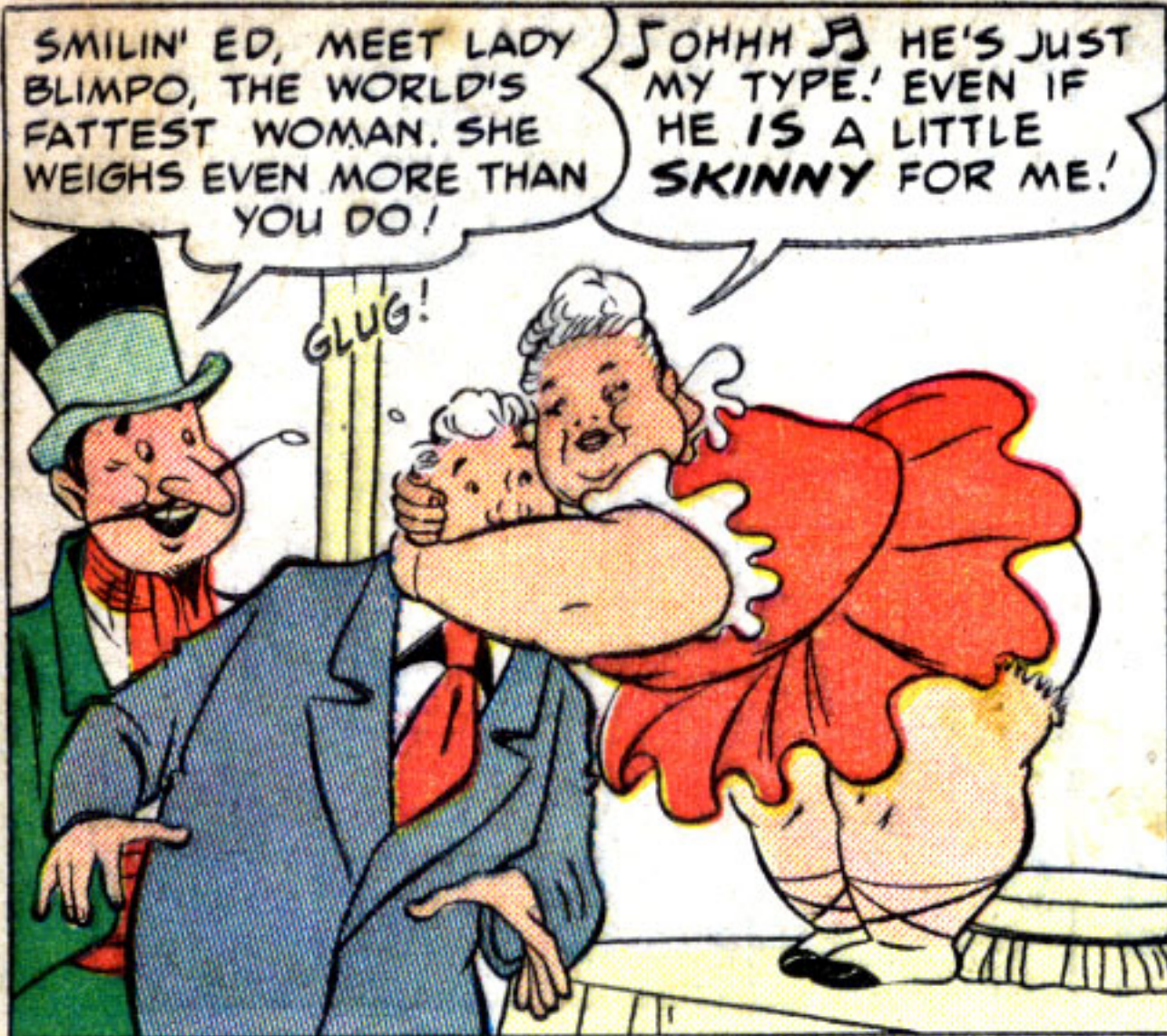
I LOVE CIRCUSES!!

NICE!

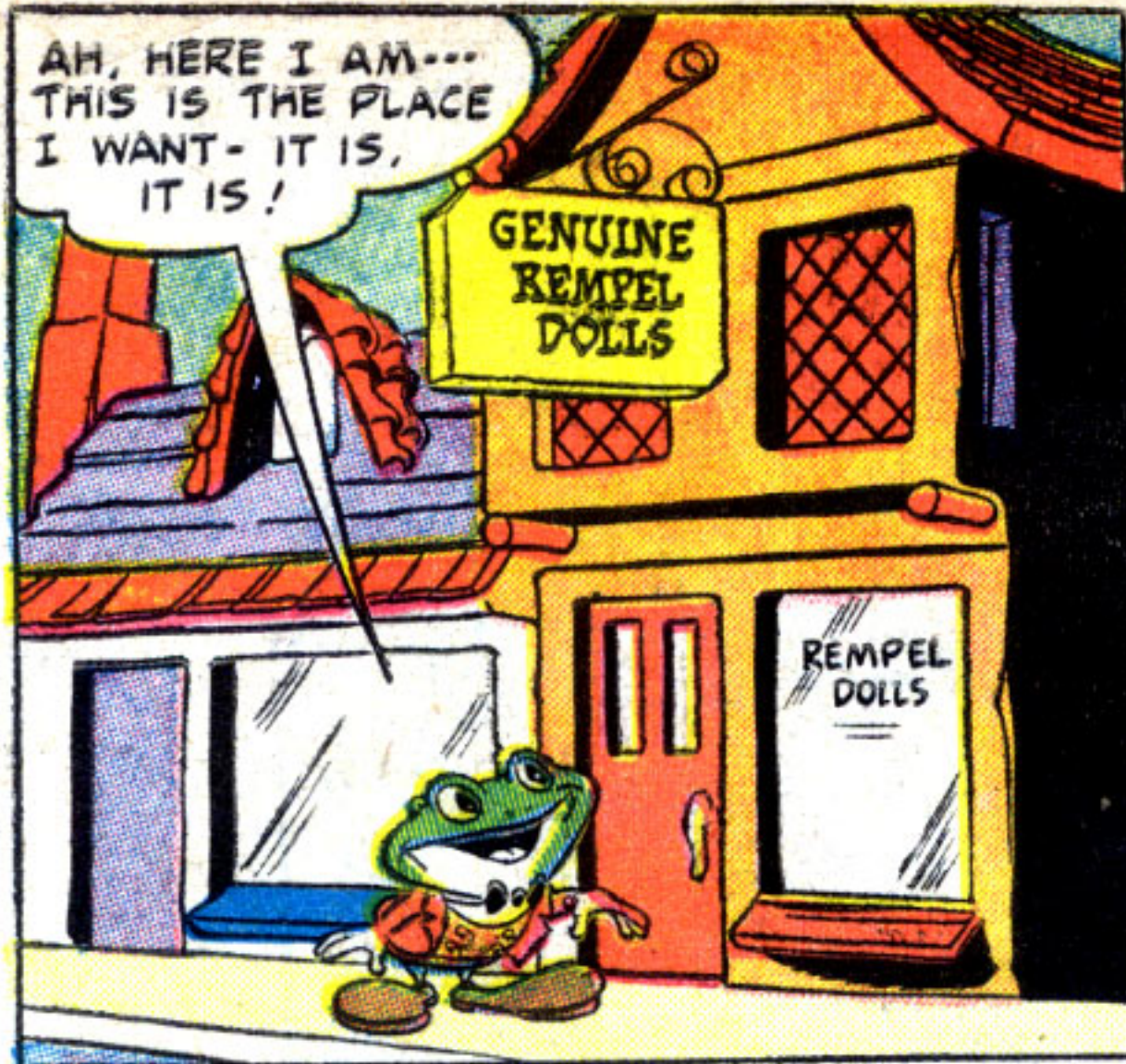
BARRUM DAILY
STINGLING BR
CIRCUS

MR. BARRUM DAILY, AN OLD FRIEND OF SMILIN' ED'S FROM HIS EARLY DAYS IN SHOW BUSINESS MAKES A SURPRISE VISIT-- AND HE INVITES THE WHOLE GANG TO RIDE BACK TO HIS CIRCUS WITH HIM IN HIS COACH





AND WHAT TRICK IS FROGGY THE GREMLIN UP TO NOW? WHY HAS HE DONE HIS FAMILIAR DISAPPEARING ACT AT THE SIGHT OF LITTLE HORSEPOWER, THE MIDGET STRONG MAN? LET'S FOLLOW HIM...



AND SOON, FROGGY IS BACK AT THE CIRCUS.- AND HE
CARRIES THE EMPTY RUBBER IMITATION OF HIMSELF...

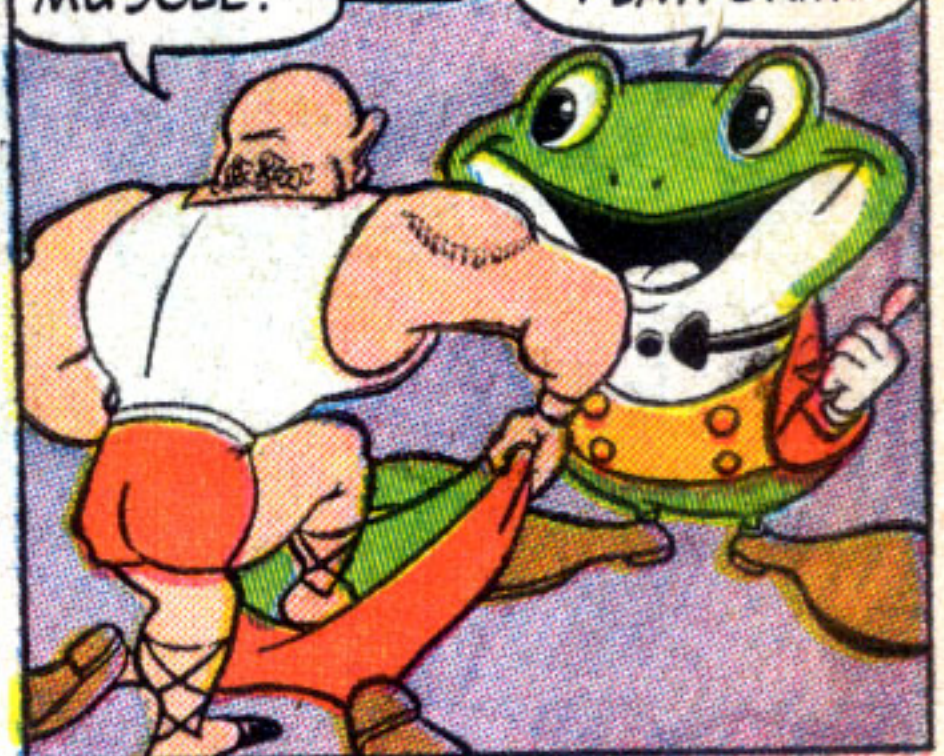
HO HO - HELLO FUNNY-FACE!
WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO
WITH THAT FUNNY RUBBER SUIT
THAT LOOKS **CRAZY** LIKE YOU?

THIS SUIT IS FOR YOU!
MR. DAILY SAYS YOU
SHOULD PUT IT ON.
WE'RE GONNA DO
A NEW ACT TOGETHER,
WE ARE, WE ARE!



OKAY - I PUT ON
CRAZY SUIT, BUT IS
VERY SILLY BUSINESS
FOR HORSEPOWER,
WHO IS STRONGEST
OF ALL THE WORLD'S
MIDGETS, AND SOLID
MUSCLE!

HURRY UP
YOU LITTLE
BRUTE! THE
GANG IS
GOING OVER
TO THE SNAKE
CHARMER'S
PLATFORM!

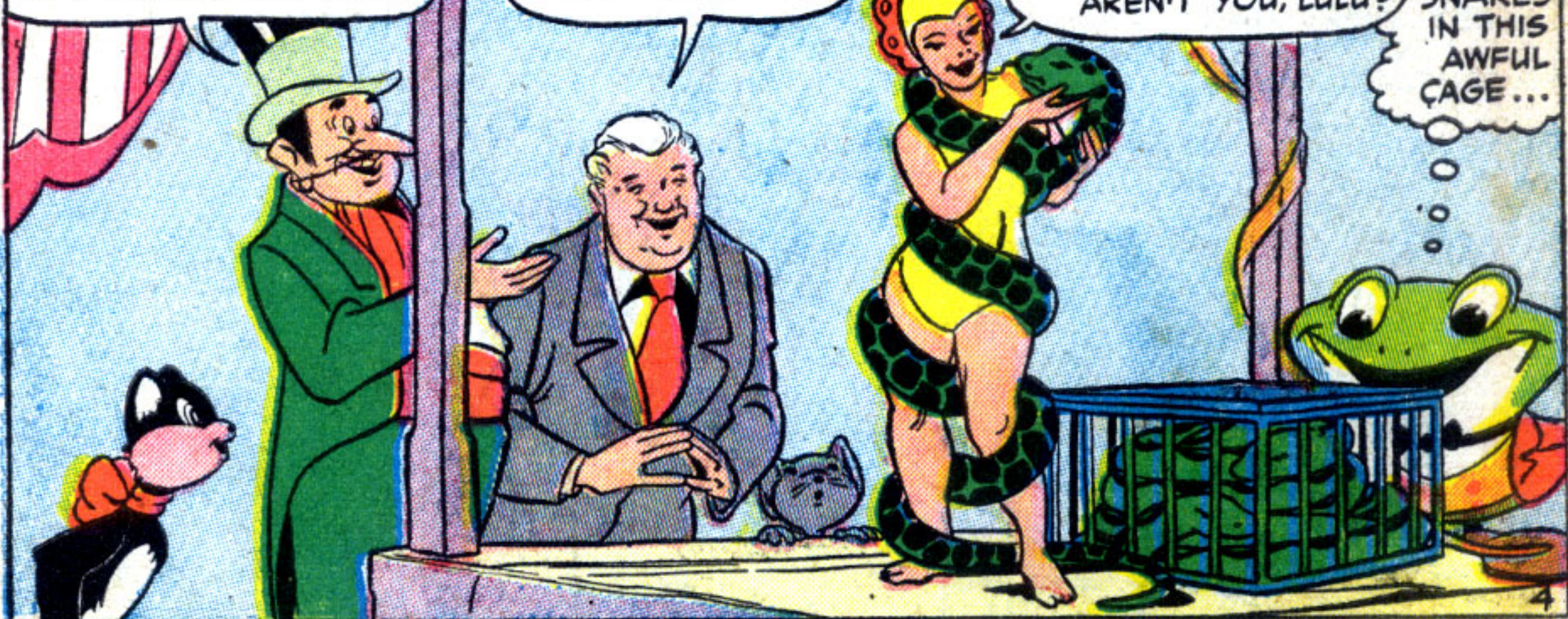


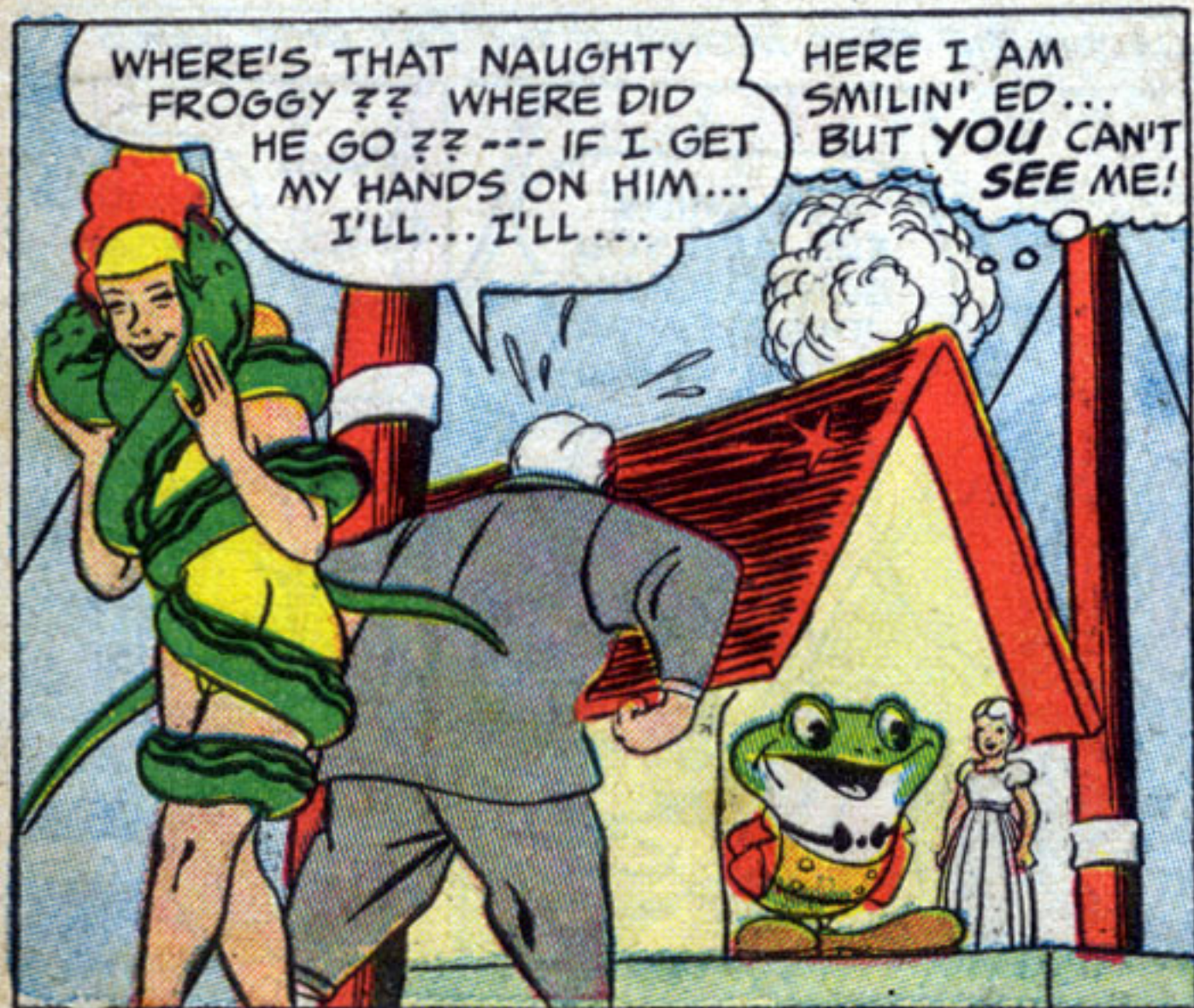
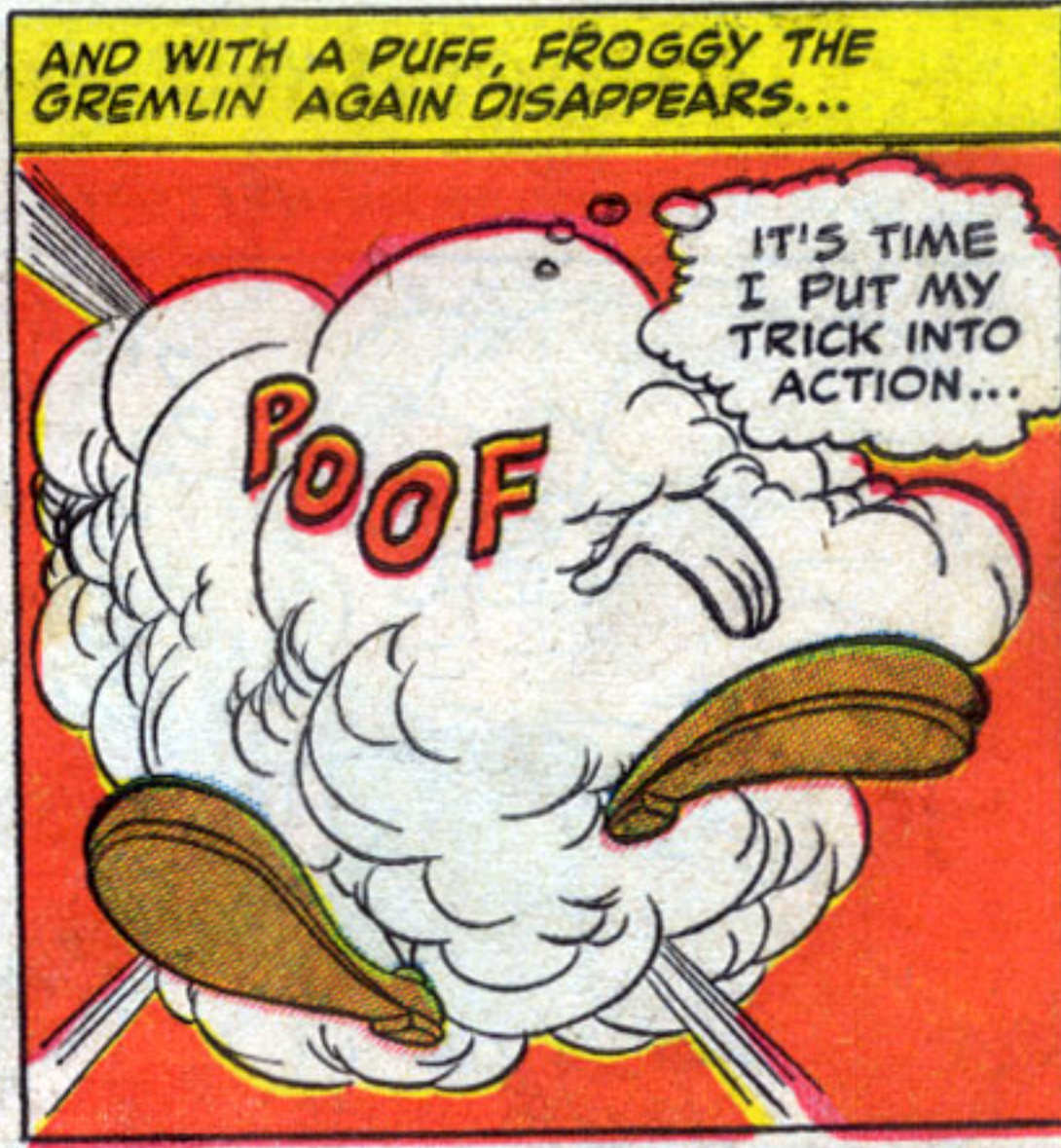
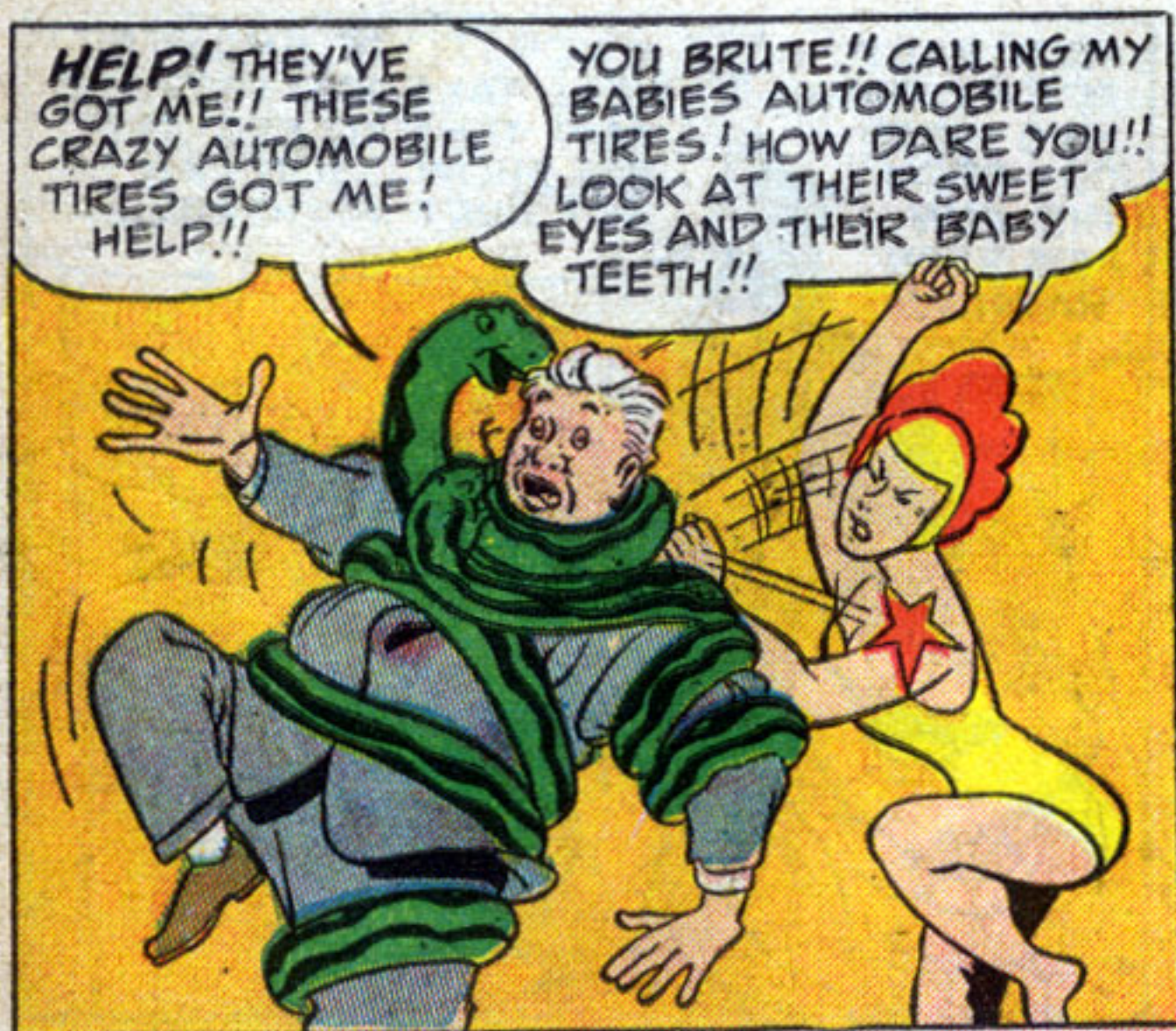
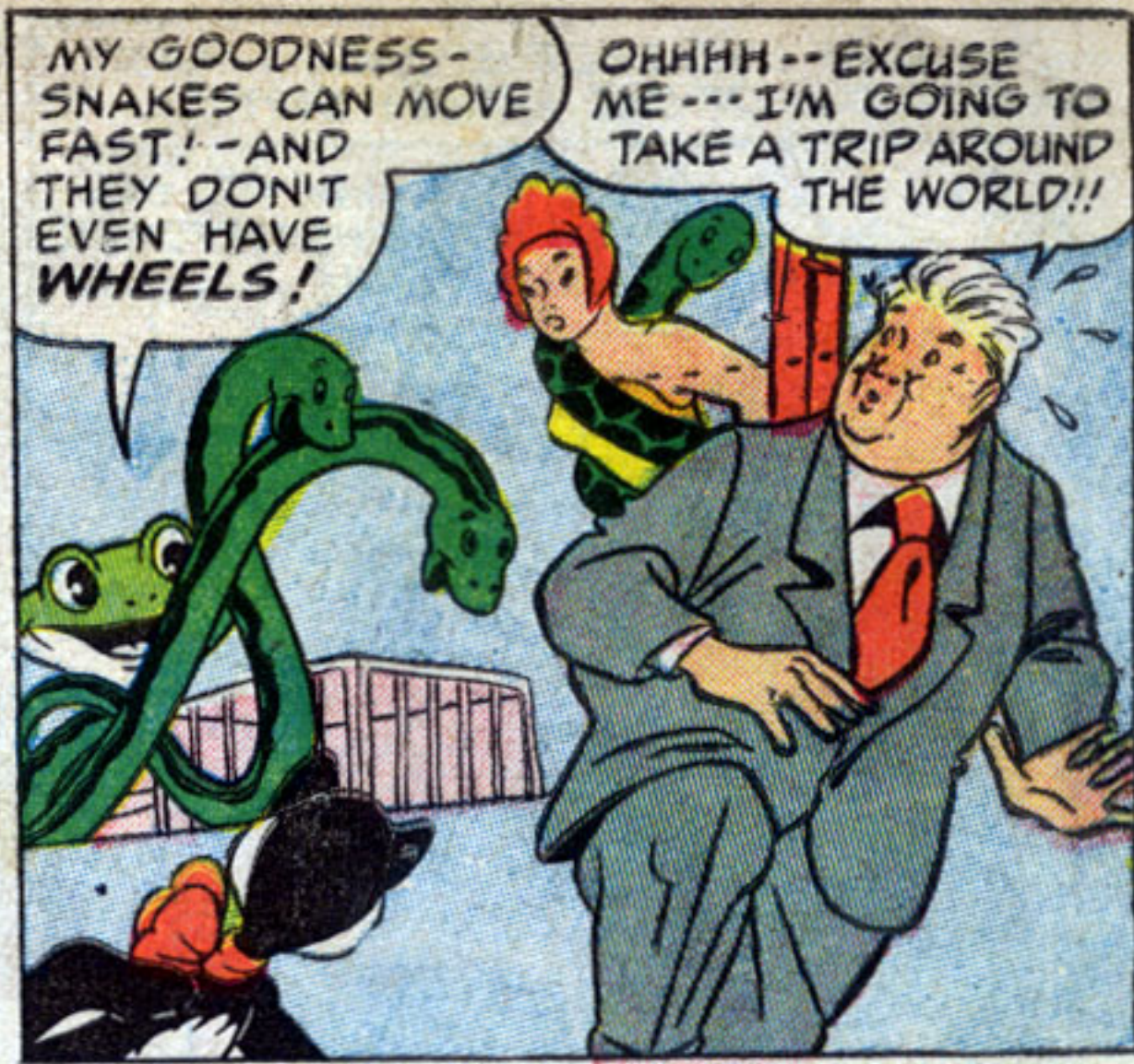
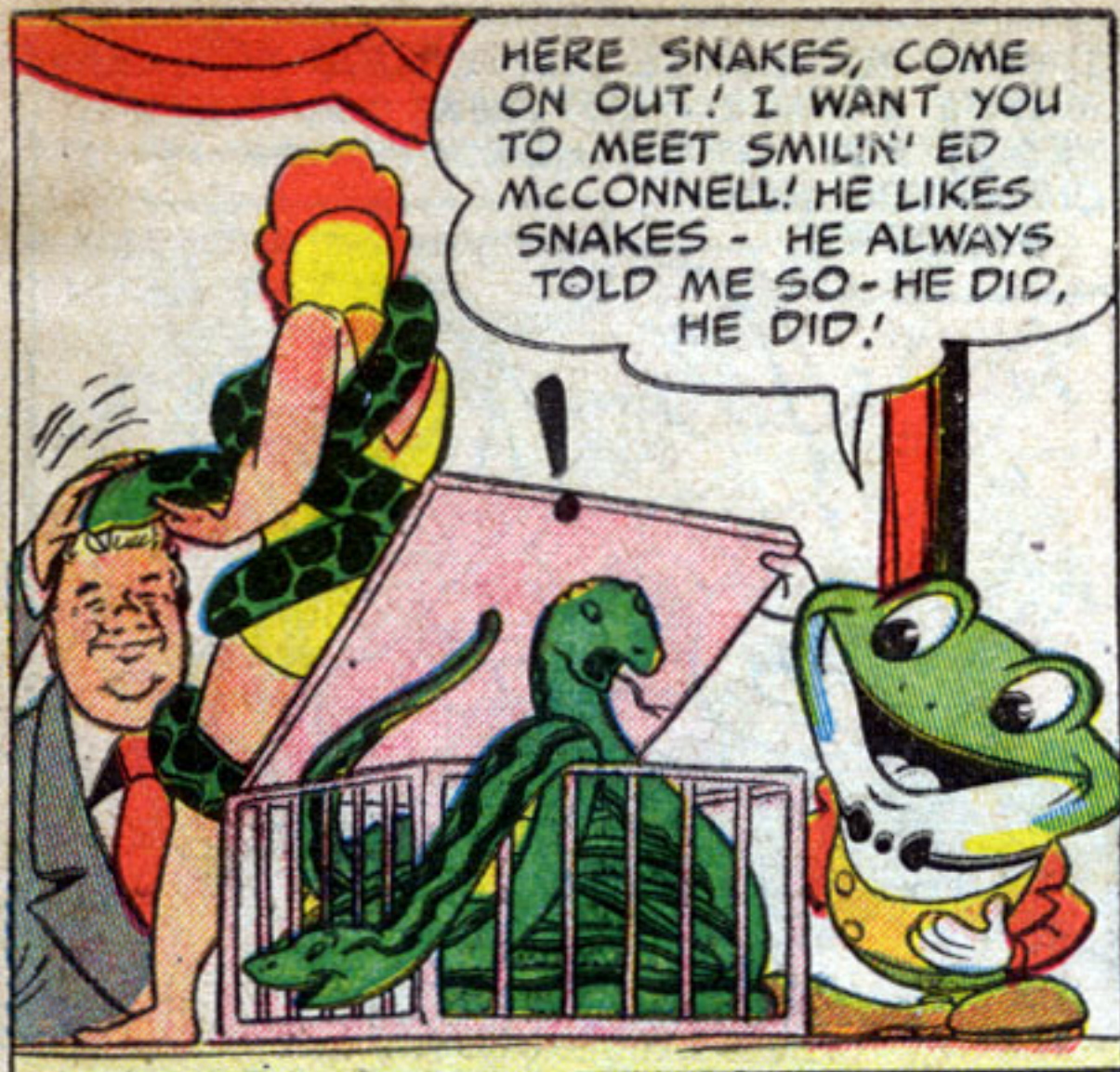
SMILIN' ED, I WANT YOU TO
MEET MADAME SERPENTINE,
OUR SNAKE CHARMER.

I'M CHARMED WITH
THE CHARM OF
THIS CHARMER!!

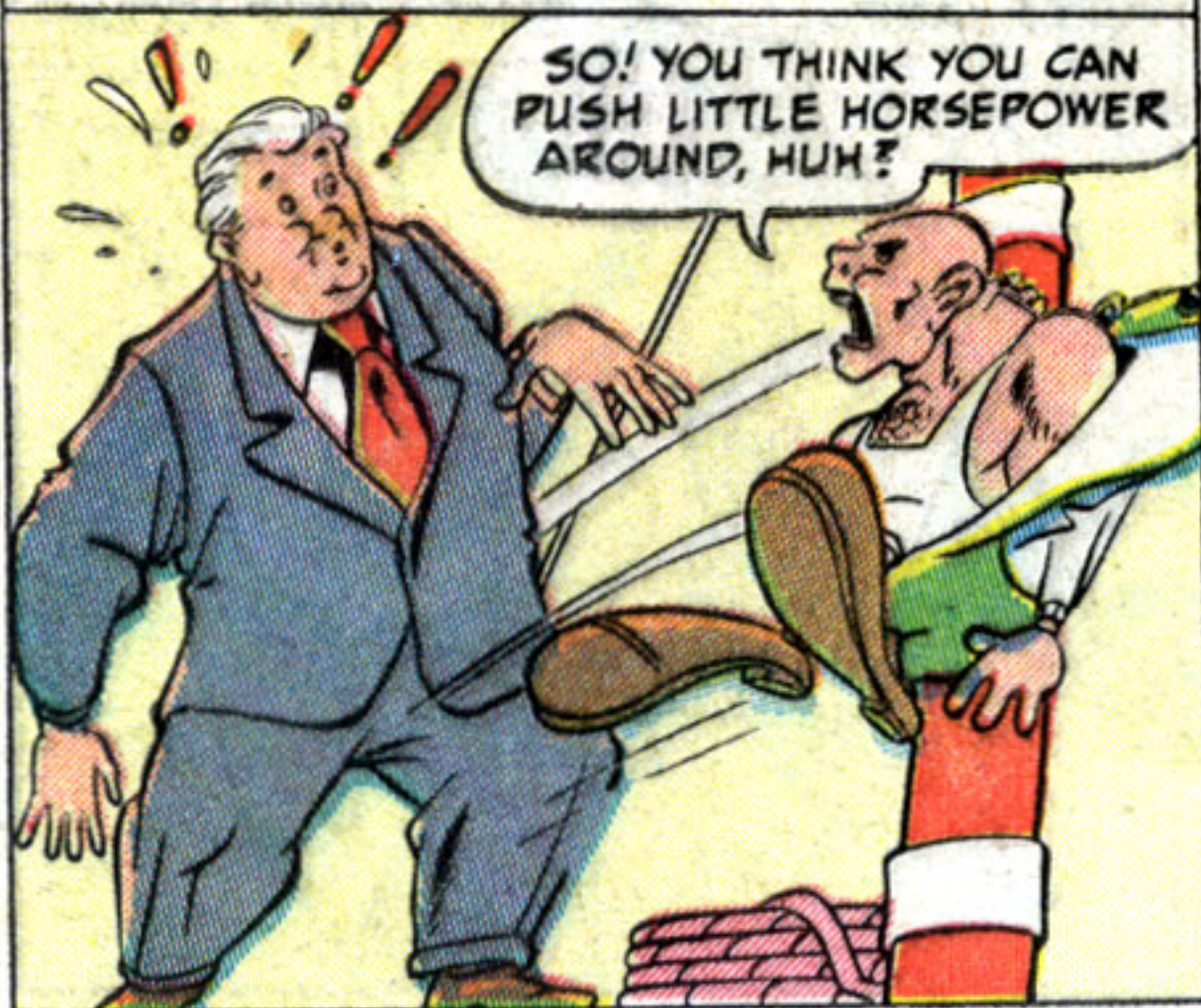
AND **LULU**, MY PET,
IS HAPPY TO MEET
YOU TOO, SMILIN' ED.
AREN'T YOU, LULU?

OH LOOK-
TWO
POOR
SNAKES
IN THIS
AWFUL
CAGE...

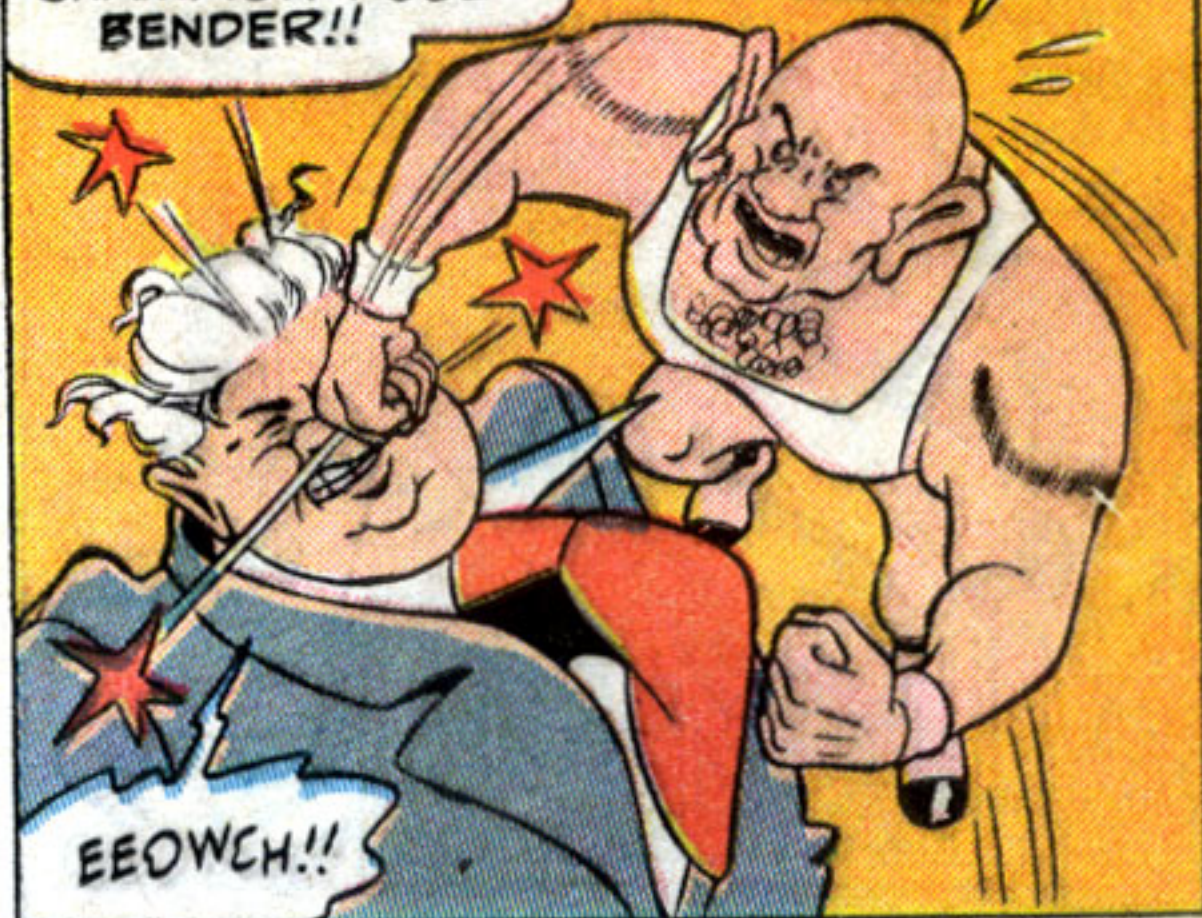




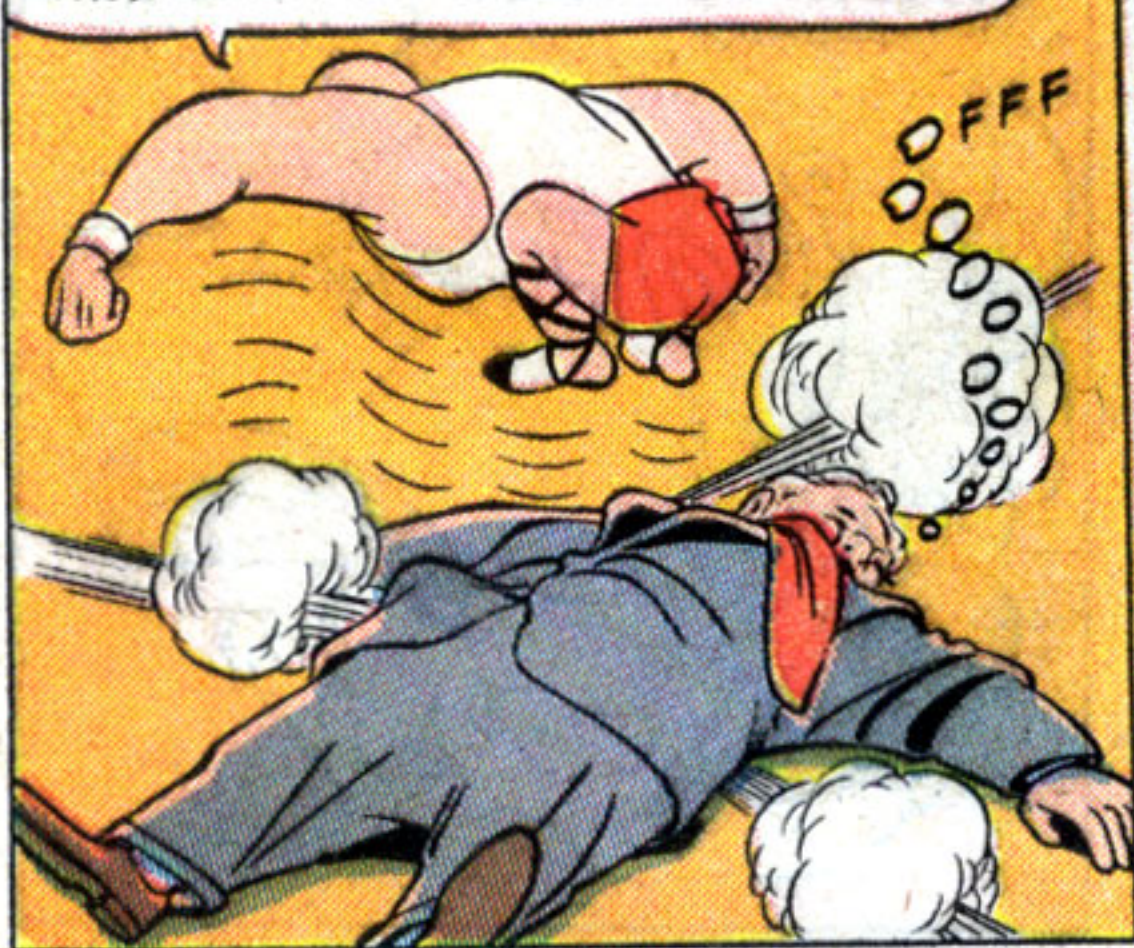
AND IN RAGE LITTLE HORSEPOWER TEARS HIMSELF OUT OF THE FROGGY SUIT!!



I MAKE YOUR FACE ALL OVER AGAIN!! MAYBE I MAKE PRETTIER THIS TIME, YES?? HO! - LITTLE HORSEPOWER IS CHAMPION NOSE BENDER!!

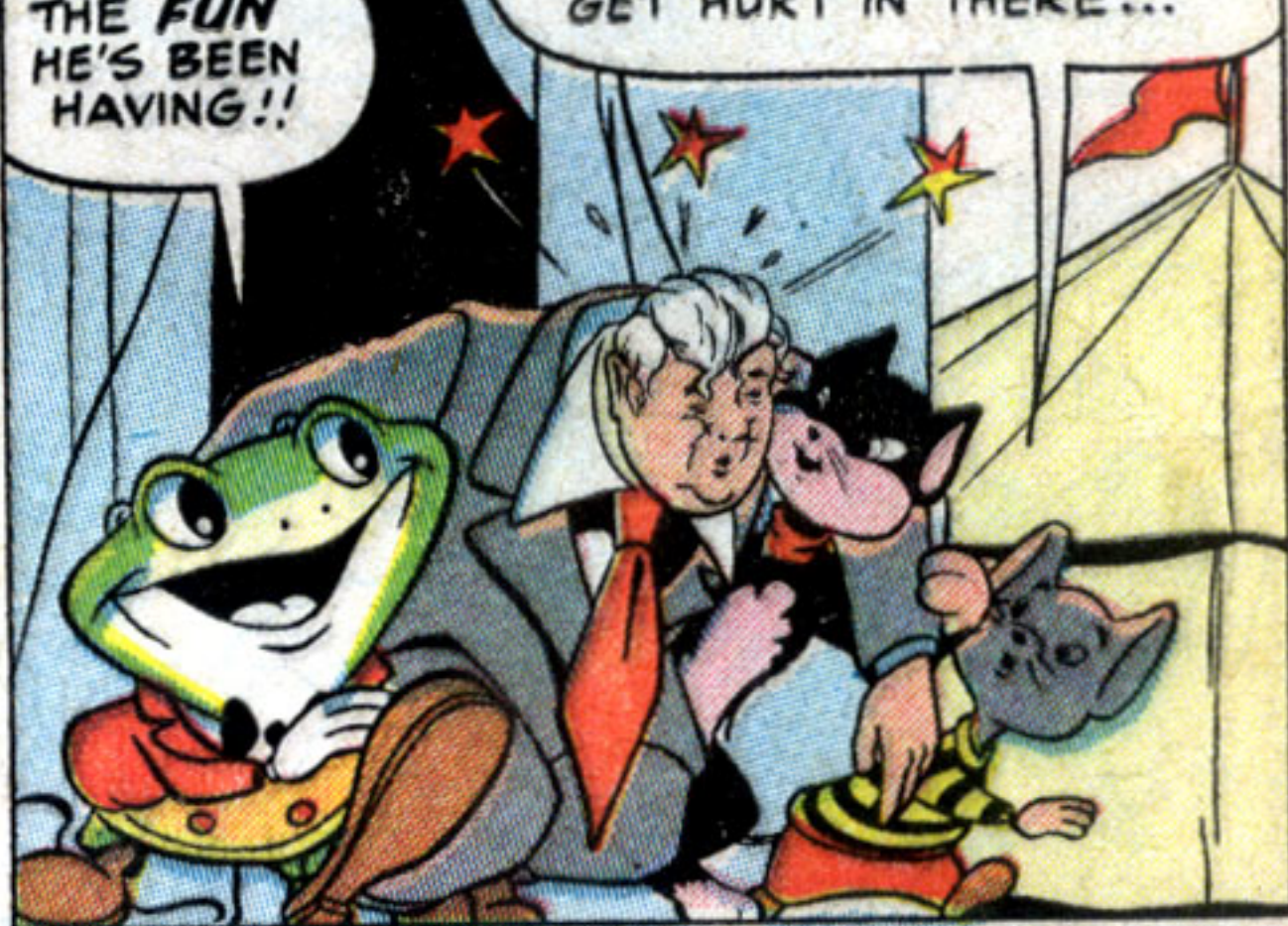


WHEEE!! - THIS IS WONDERFUL FUN AND EXERCISE FOR LITTLE HORSEPOWER... MAYBE JUMPING WILL GIVE ME MUSCLES ON HEELS!



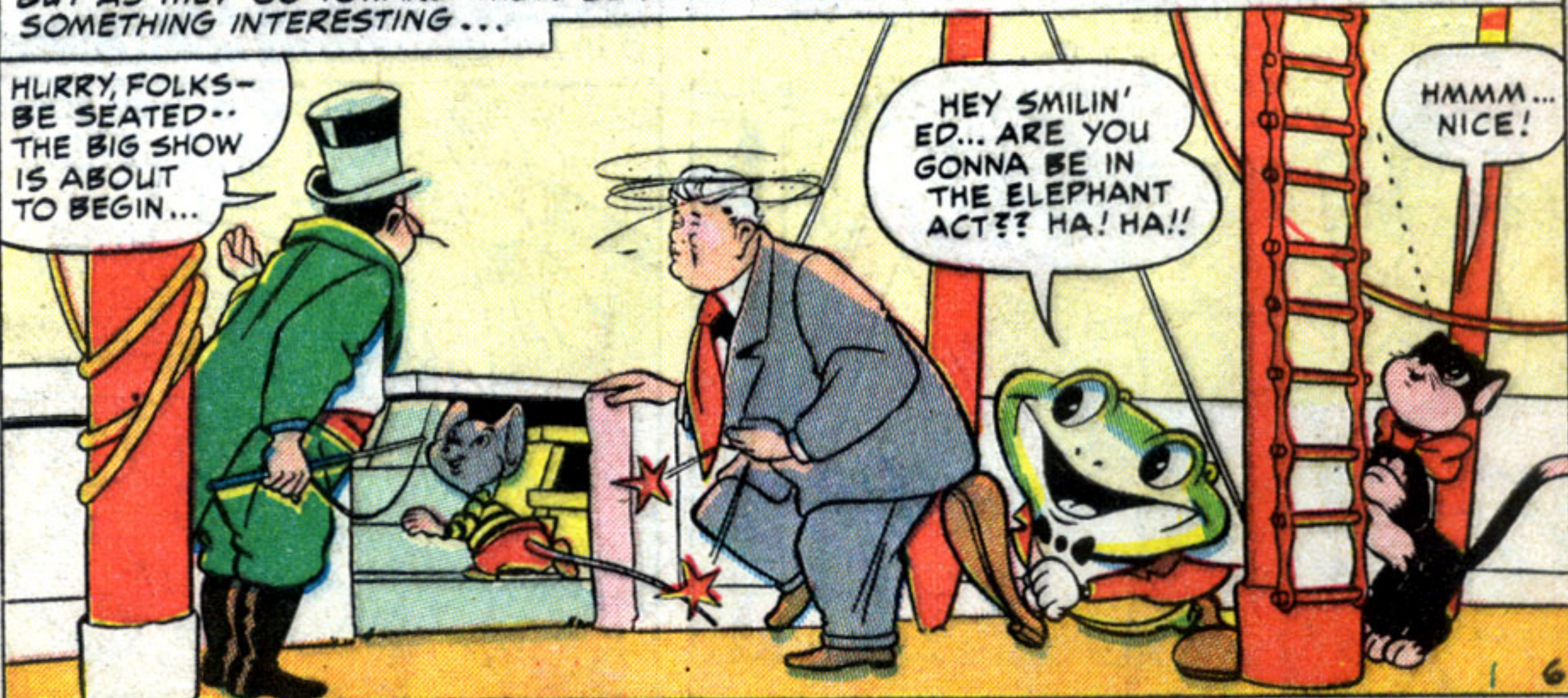
POOR SMILIN' ED!! - I THINK HE'S WORN OUT FROM THE FUN HE'S BEEN HAVING!!

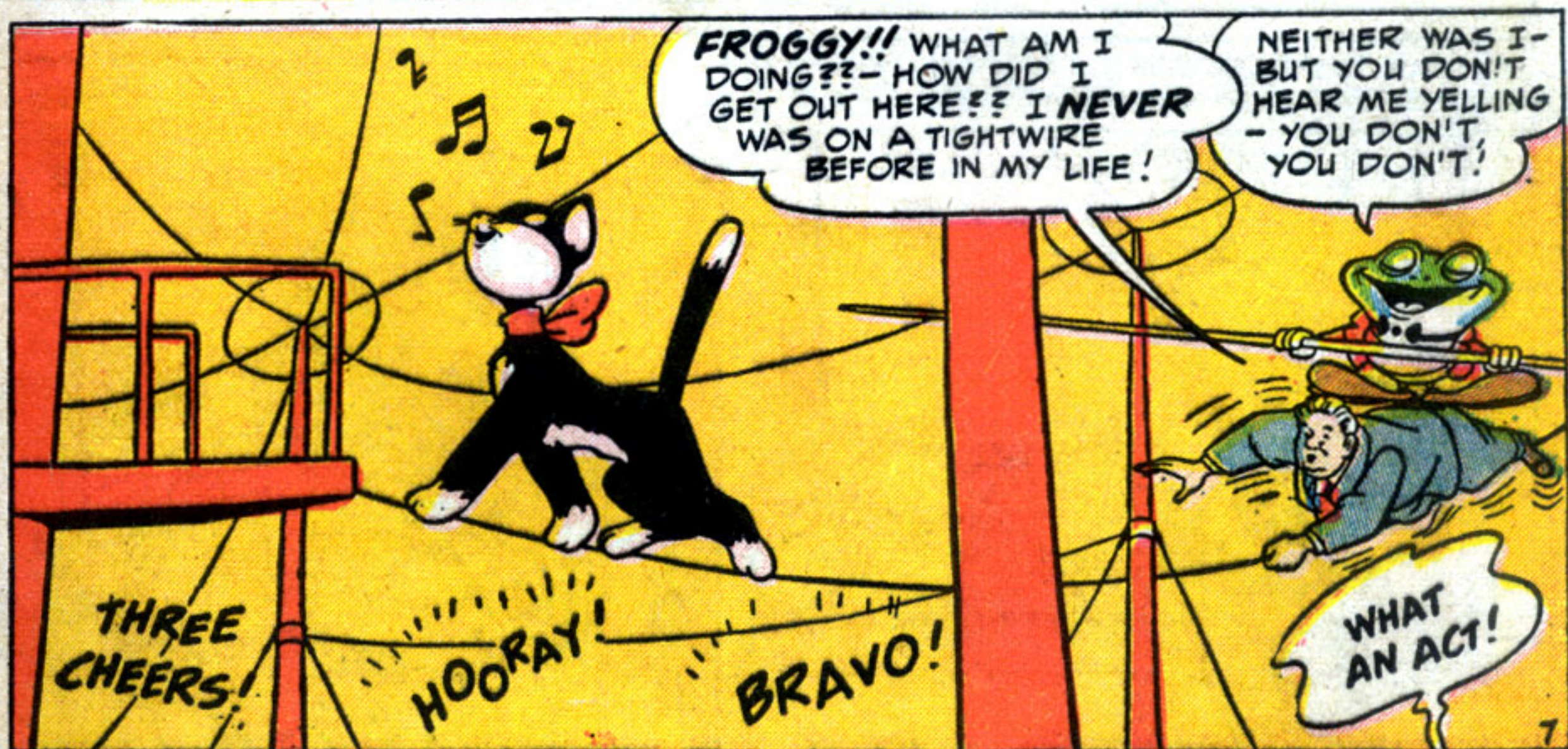
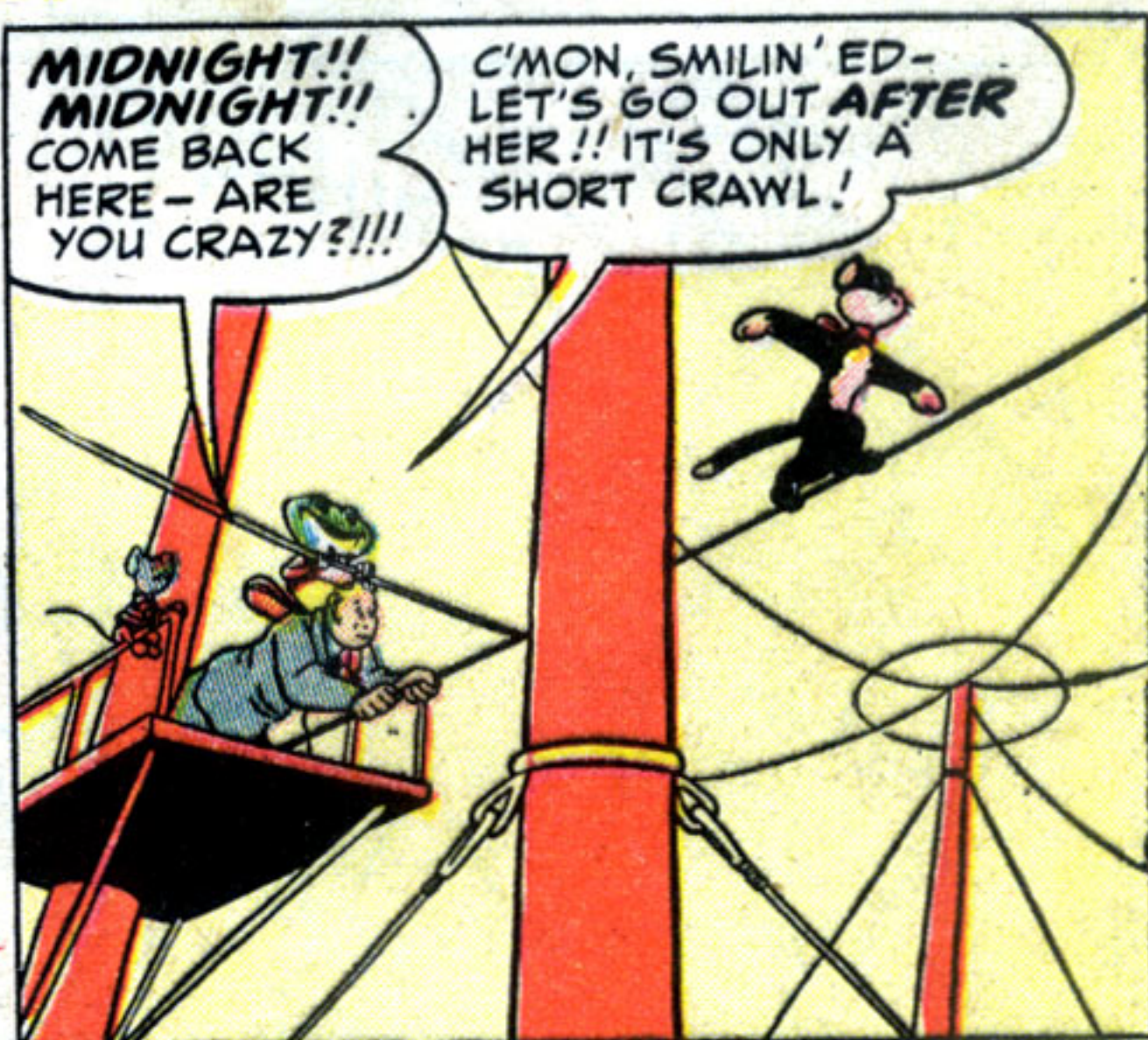
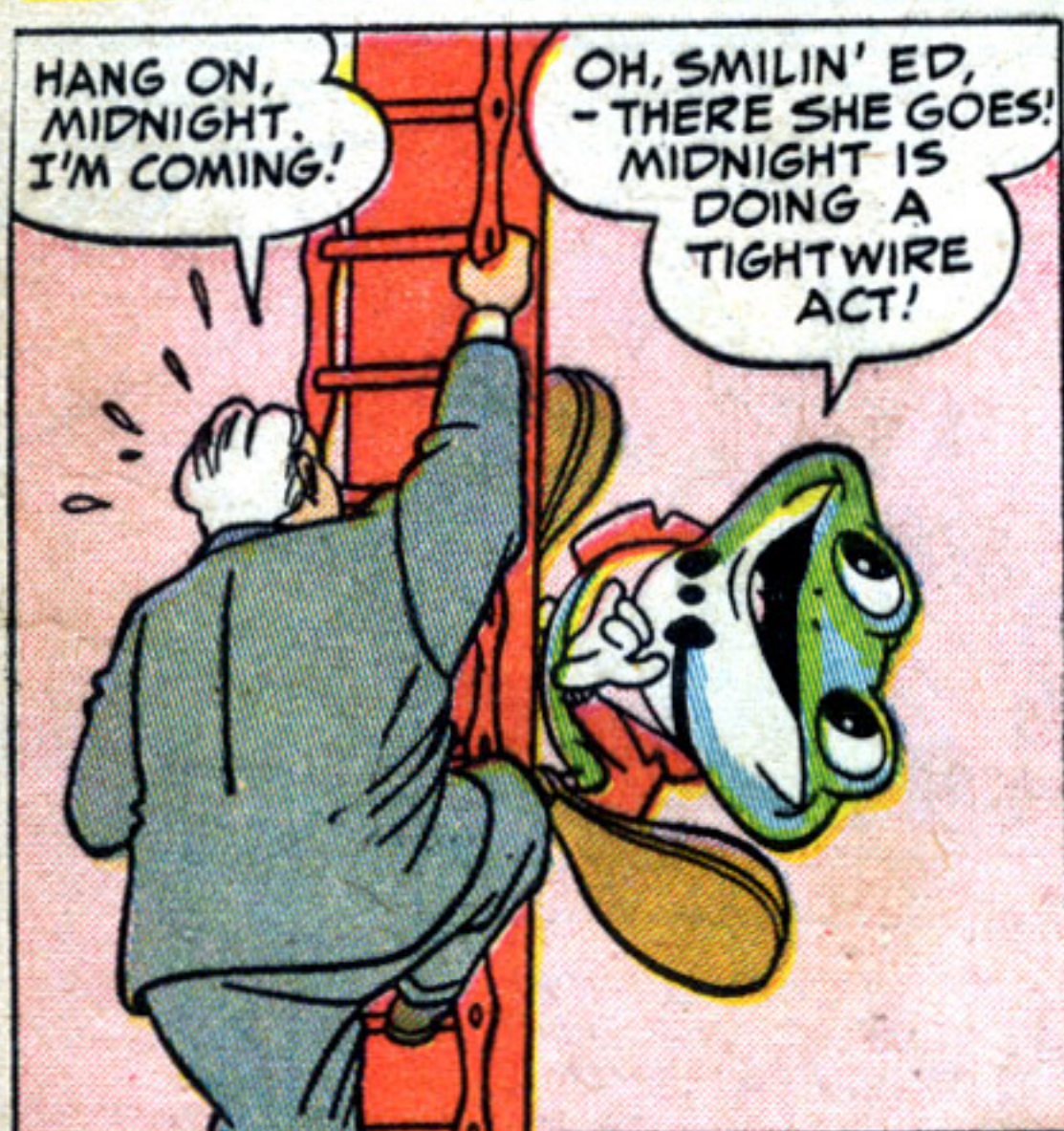
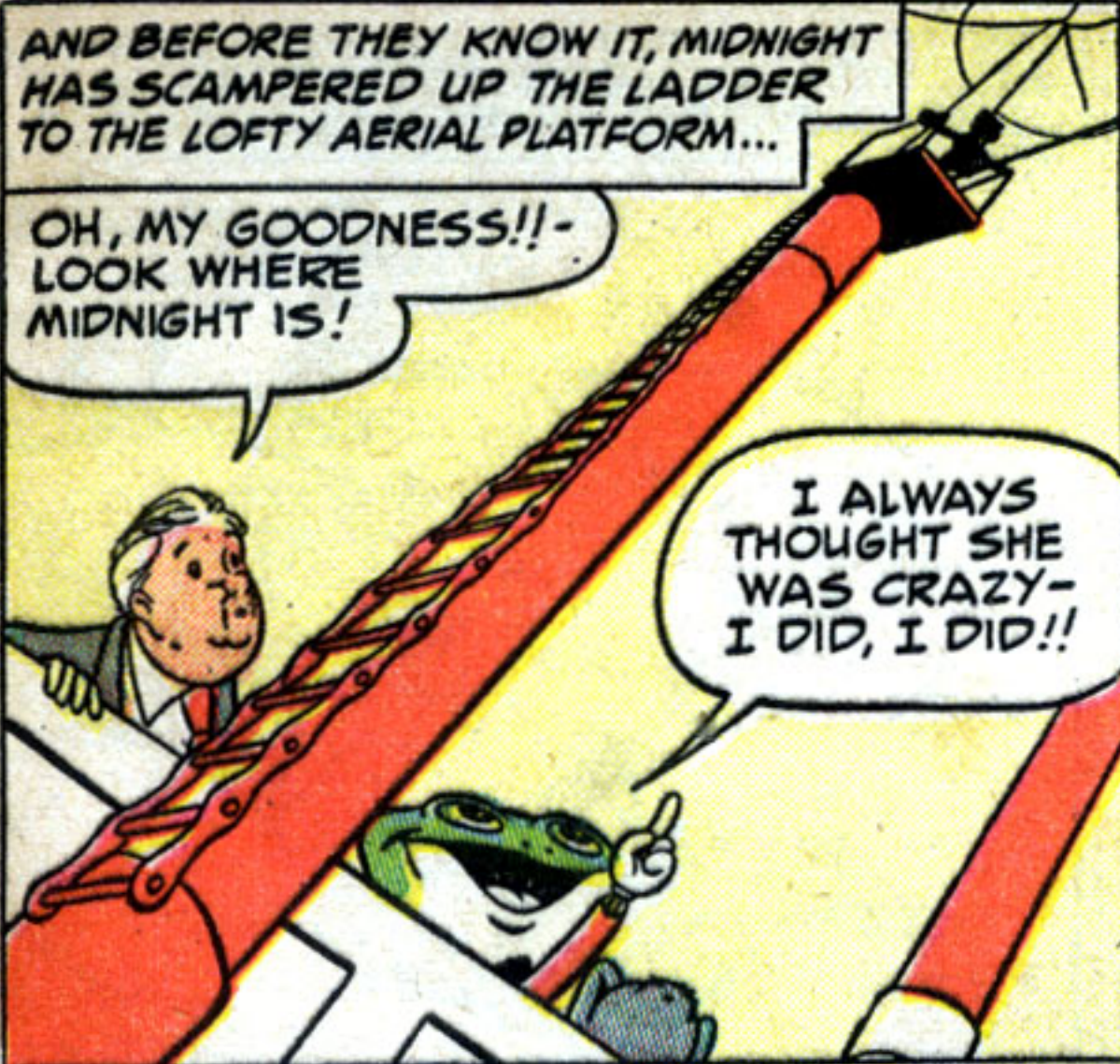
C'MON, POOR SMILIN' ED-- WE'LL TAKE YOU INTO THE MAIN TENT TO SEE THE BIG SHOW... YOU CAN'T GET HURT IN THERE...

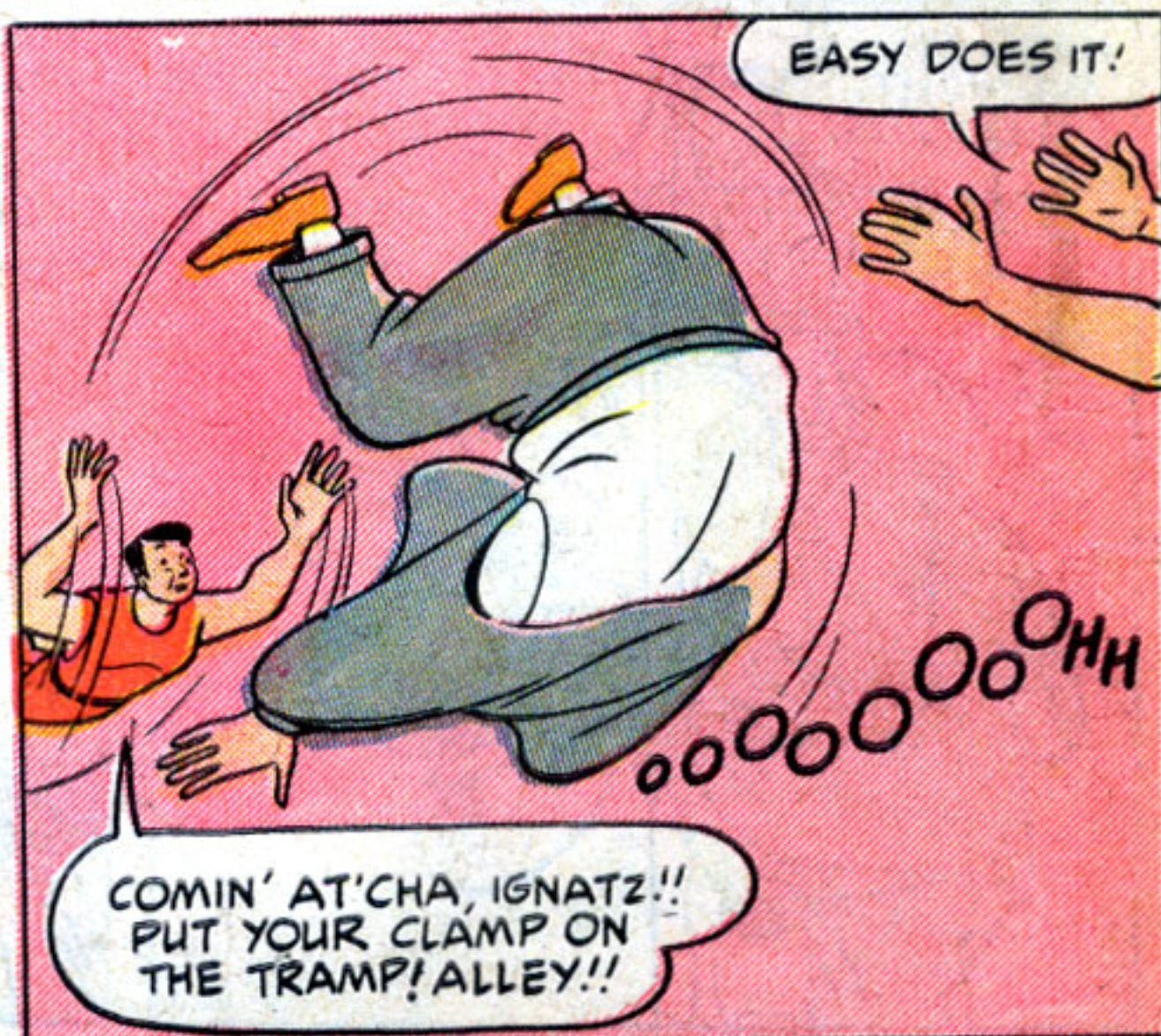
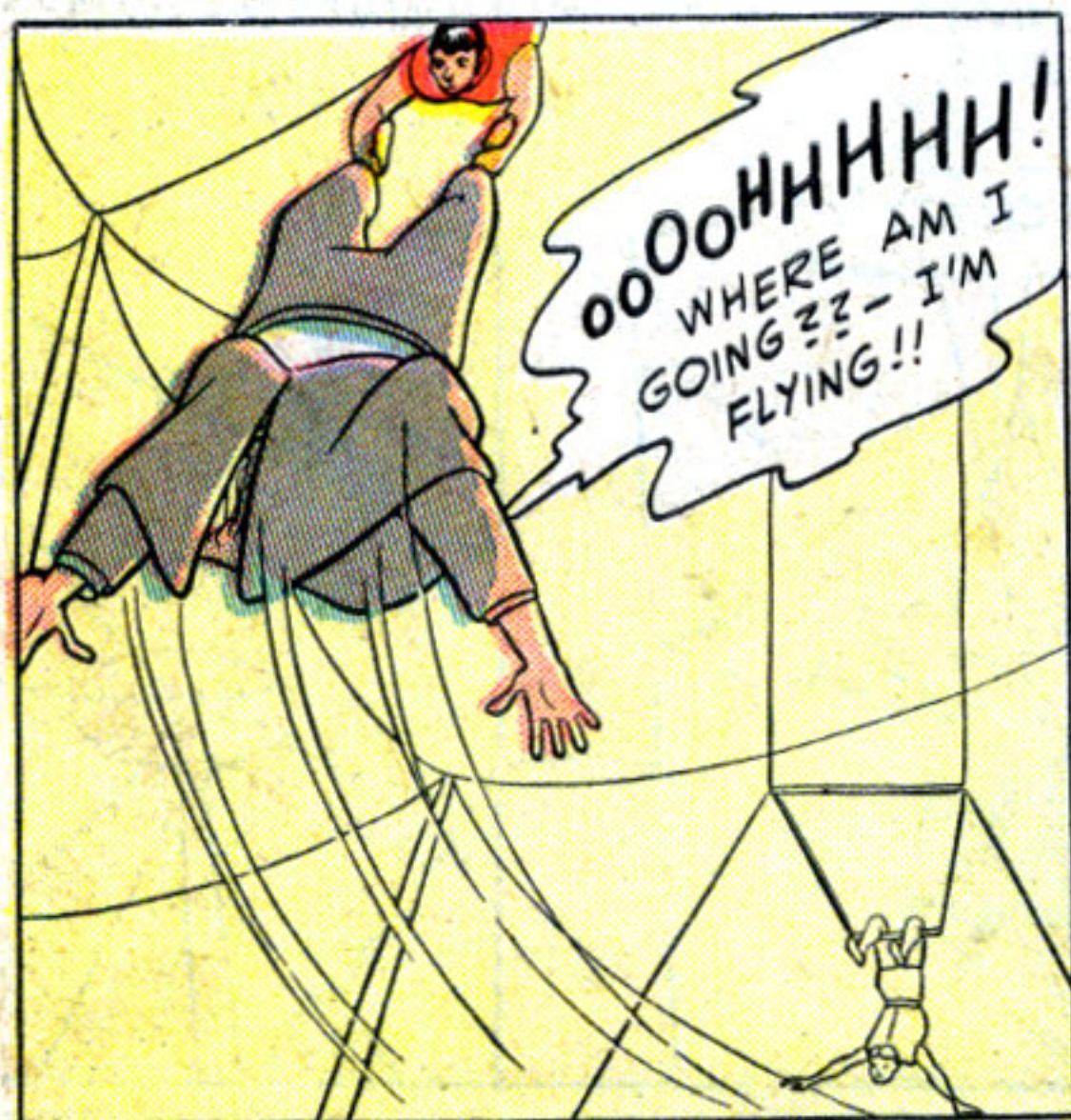
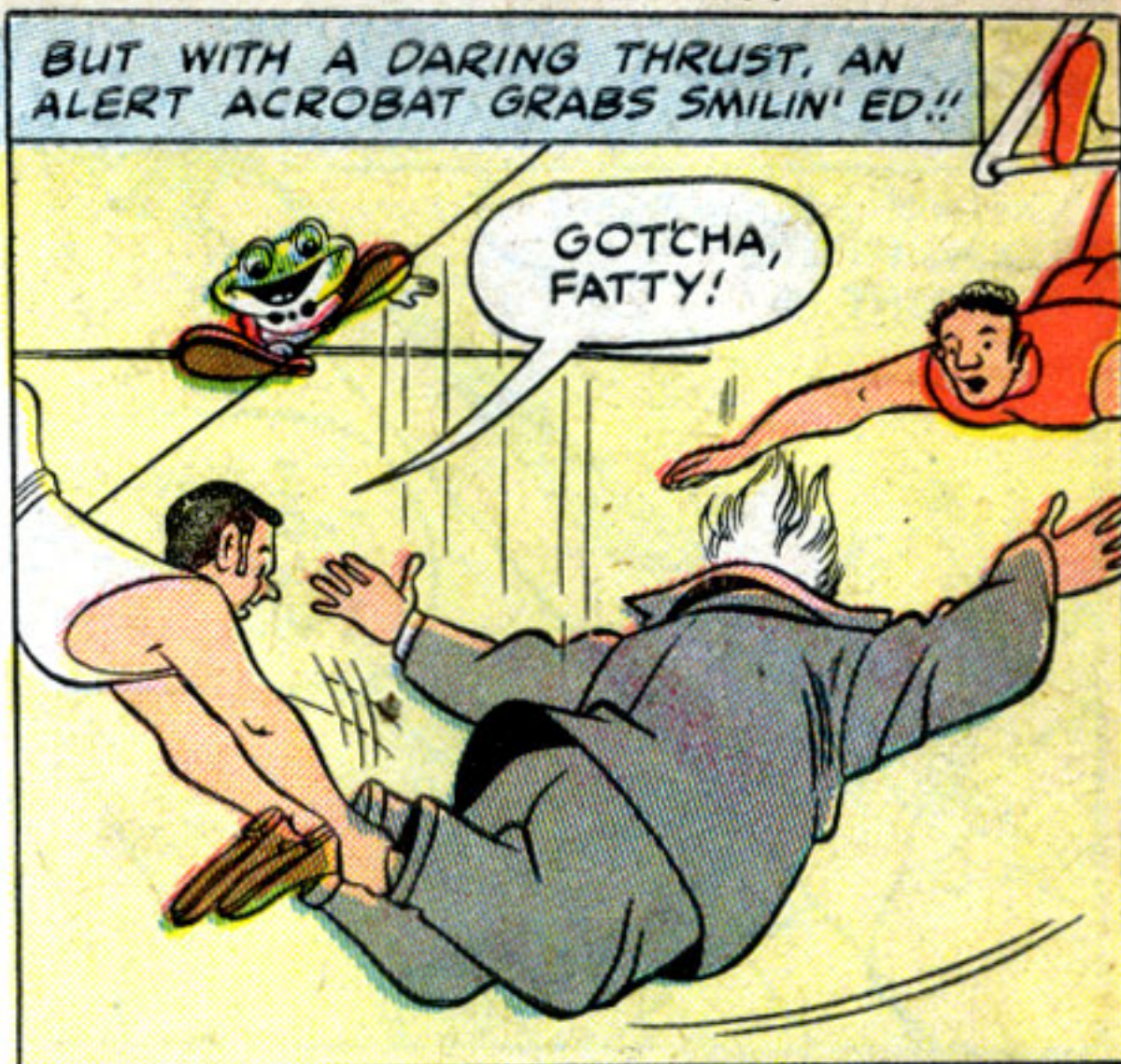


BUT AS THEY GO TOWARD THEIR SEATS IN THE BIG TENT, MIDNIGHT THE CAT DISCOVERS SOMETHING INTERESTING...

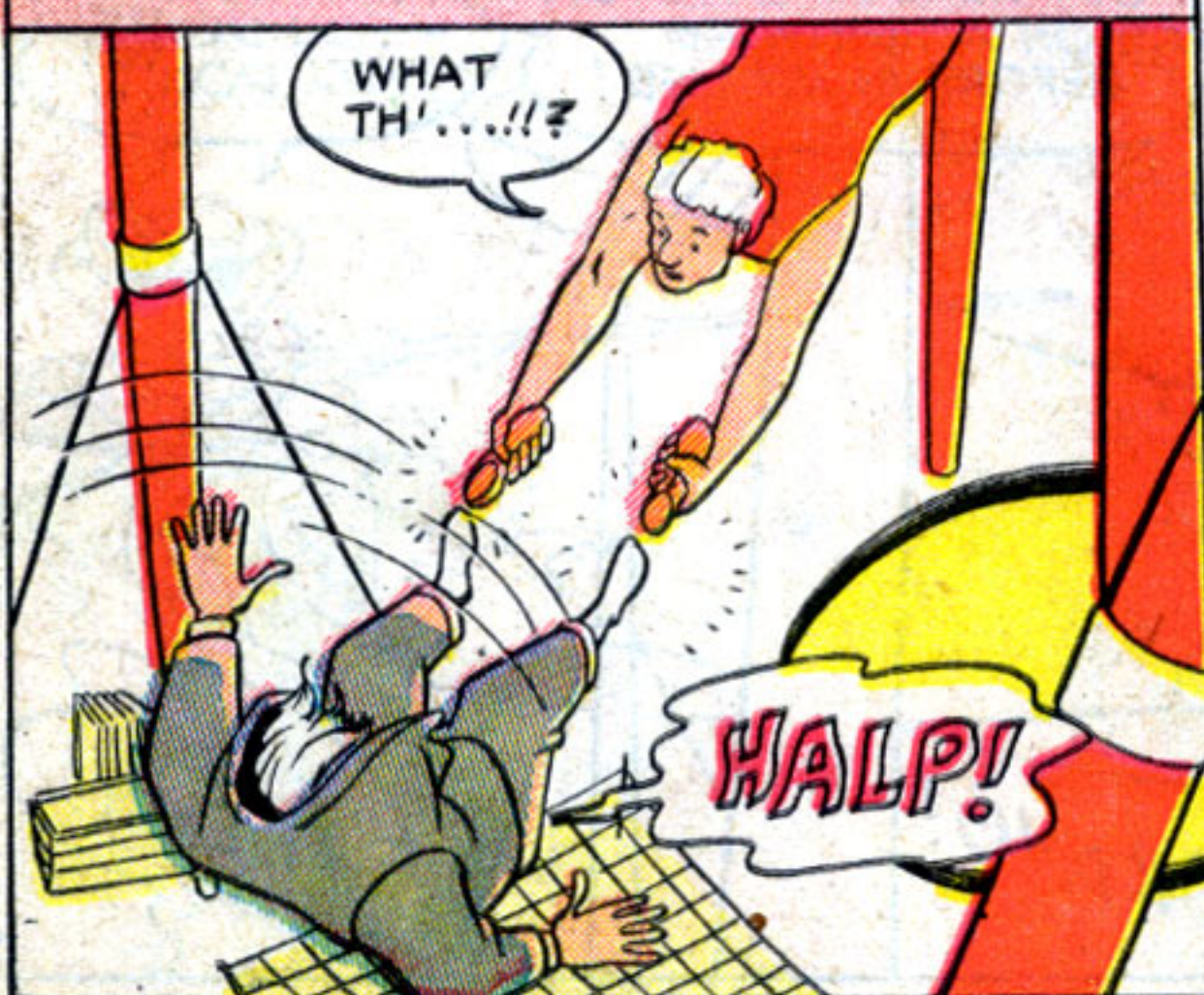
HURRY, FOLKS-- BE SEATED-- THE BIG SHOW IS ABOUT TO BEGIN...



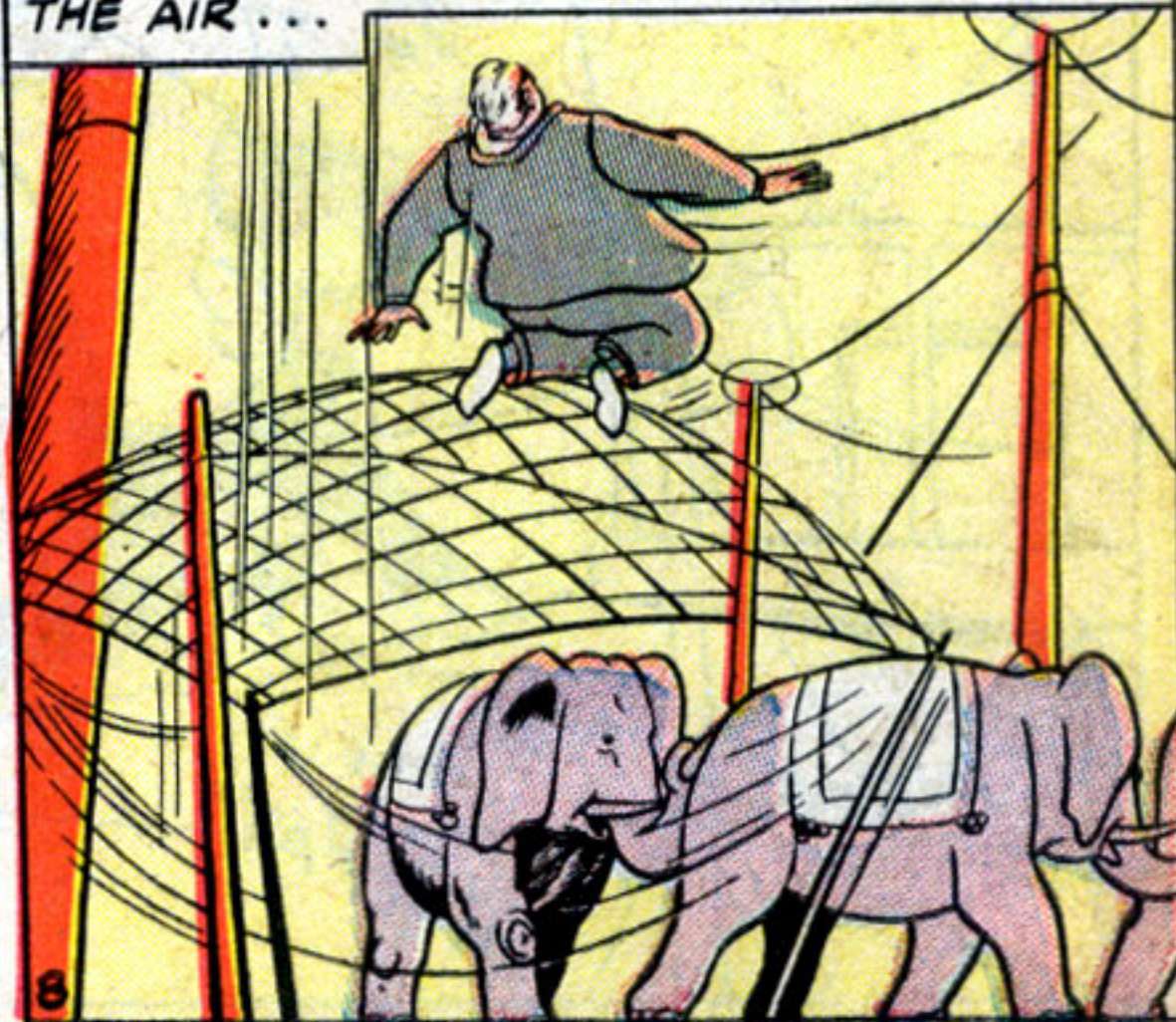




BUT AS THE ACROBAT GRABS SMILIN' ED
BY THE FEET, HIS SHOES COME OFF!!

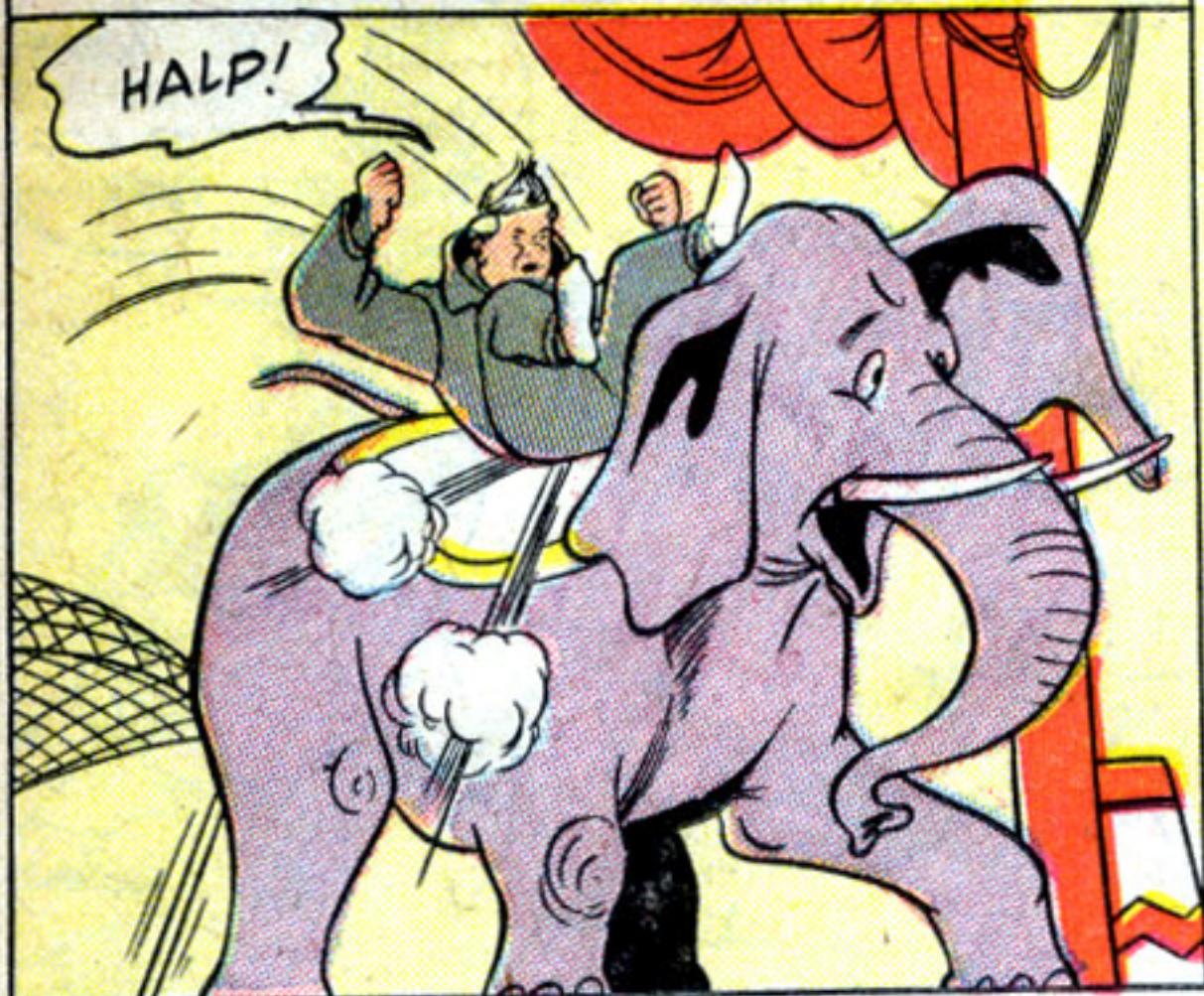


... AND DOWN INTO THE NET GOES OUR
BIG HERO... AND HE BOUNCES HIGH INTO
THE AIR ...

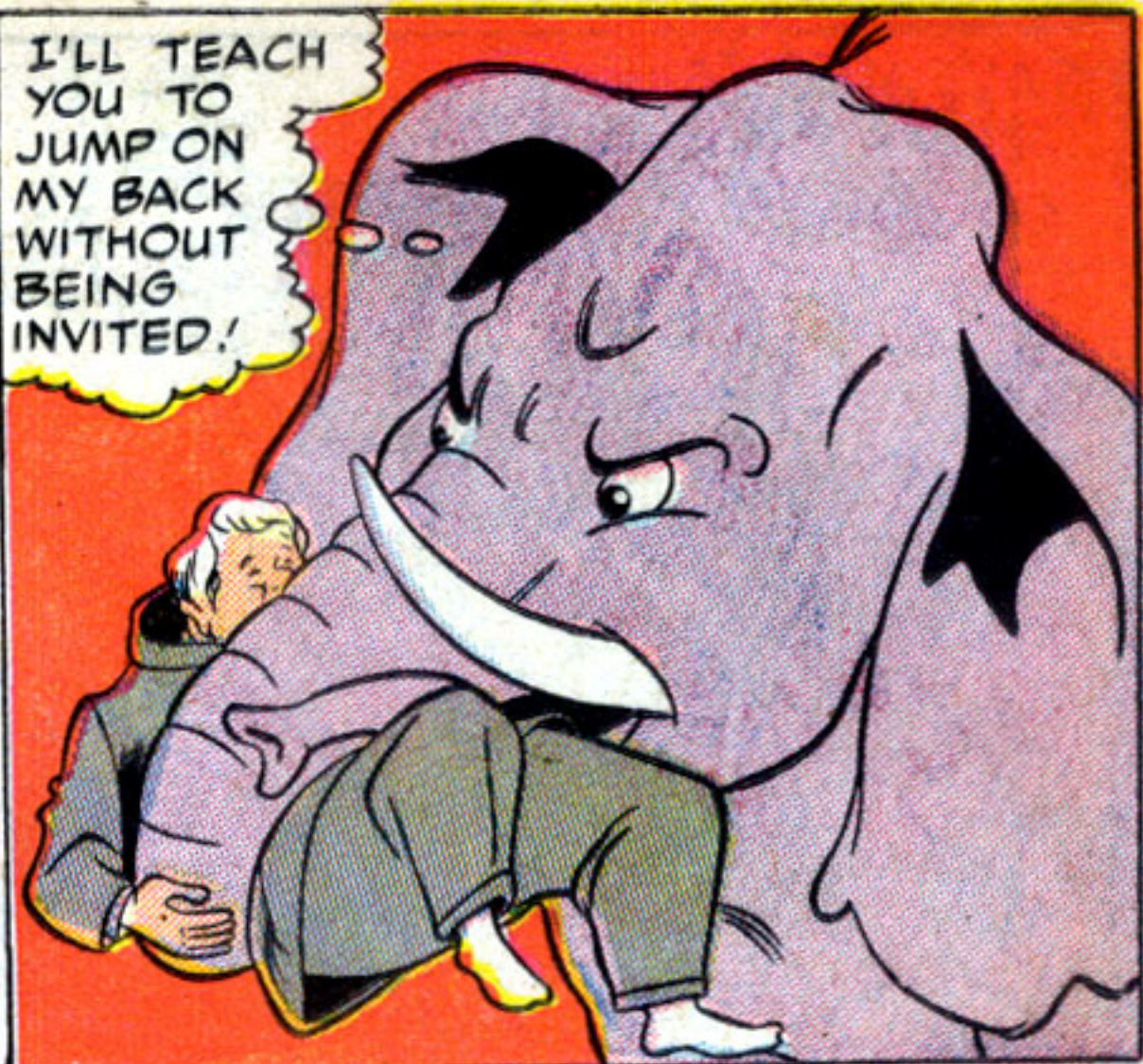


AND SMILIN' ED'S NEXT STOP IS ON THE BACK OF A VERY SURPRISED ELEPHANT!!

HALP!

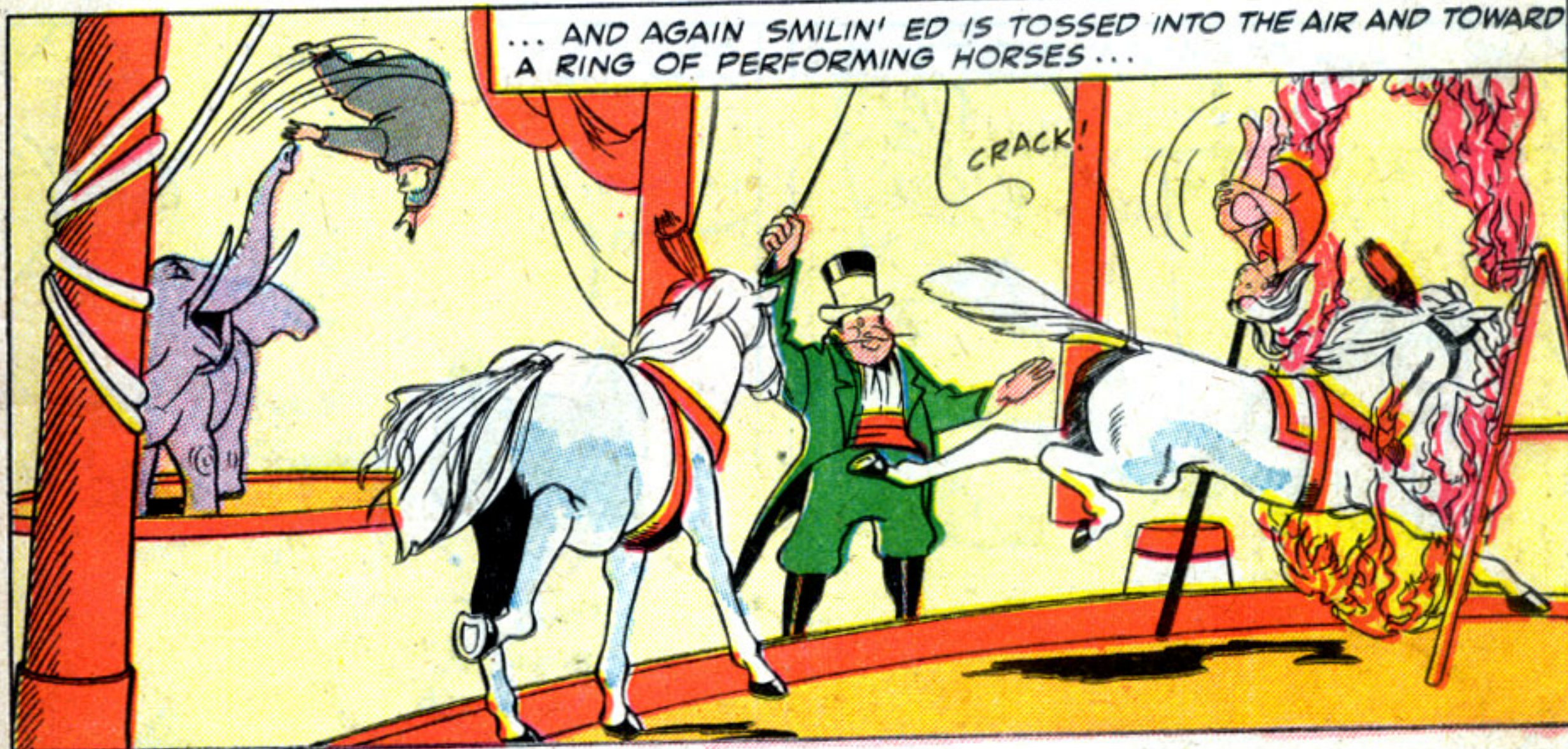


I'LL TEACH YOU TO JUMP ON MY BACK WITHOUT BEING INVITED!

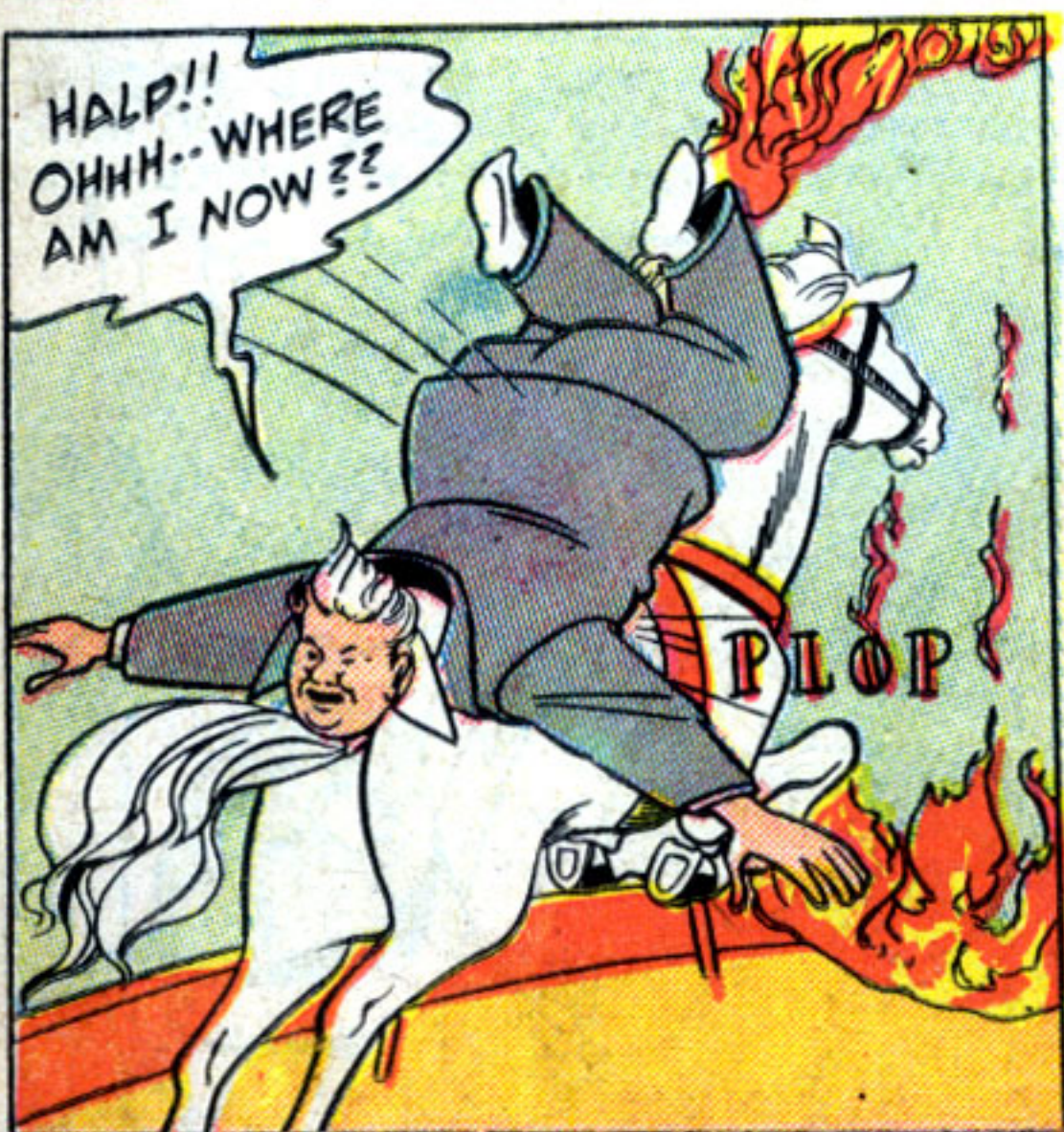


... AND AGAIN SMILIN' ED IS TOSSED INTO THE AIR AND TOWARD A RING OF PERFORMING HORSES ...

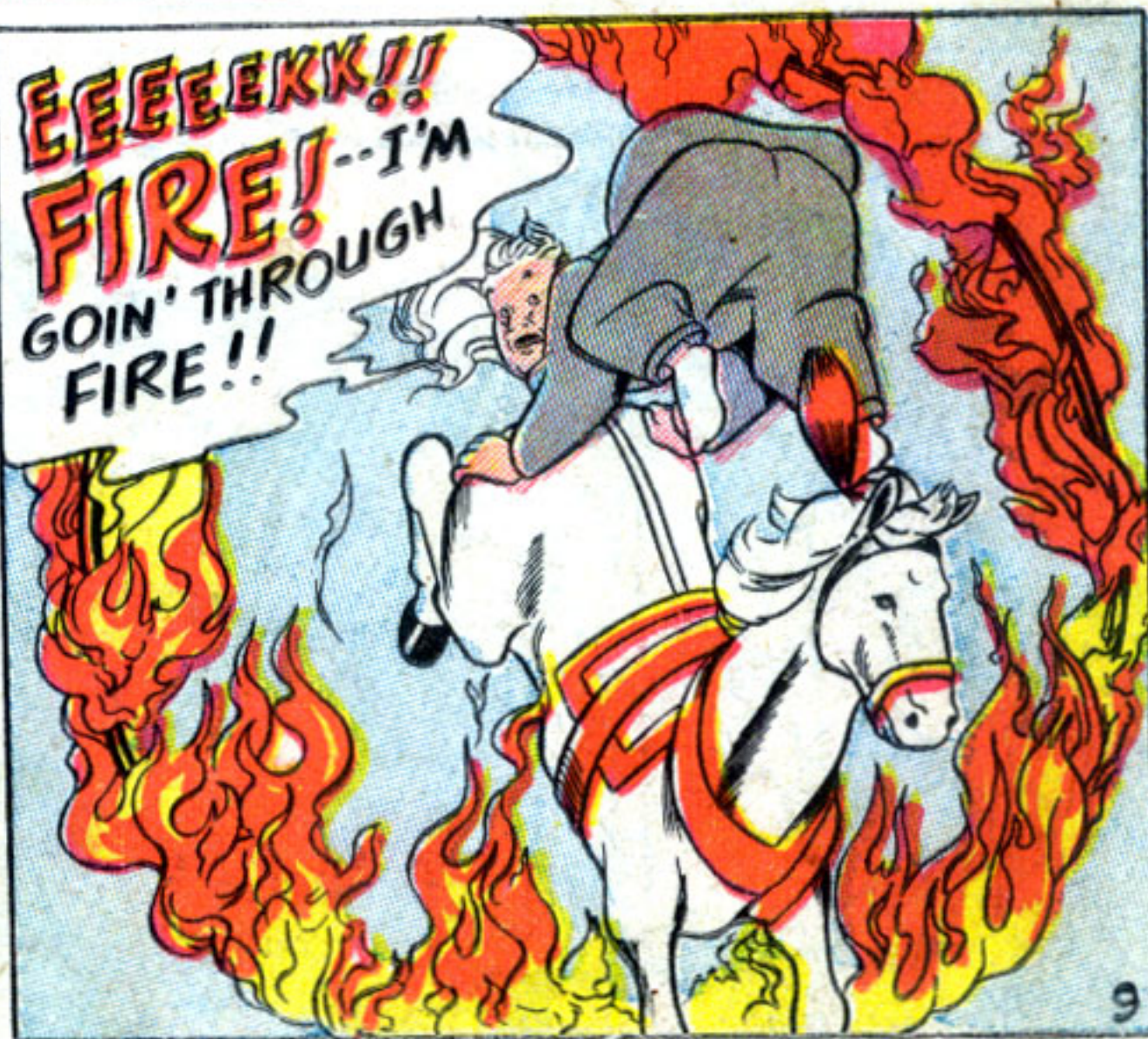
CRACK!

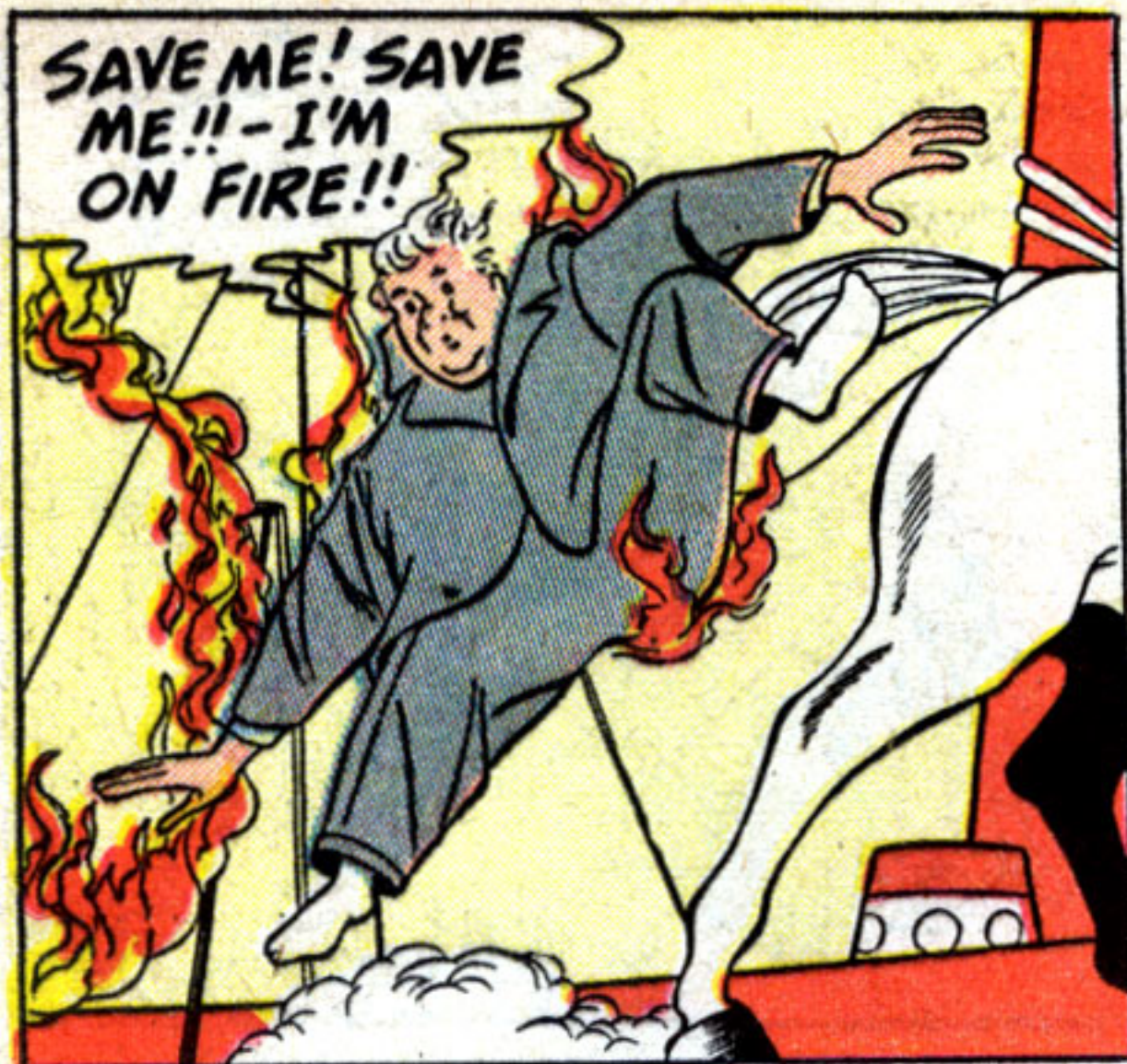


HALP!!
OH HH--WHERE
AM I NOW??

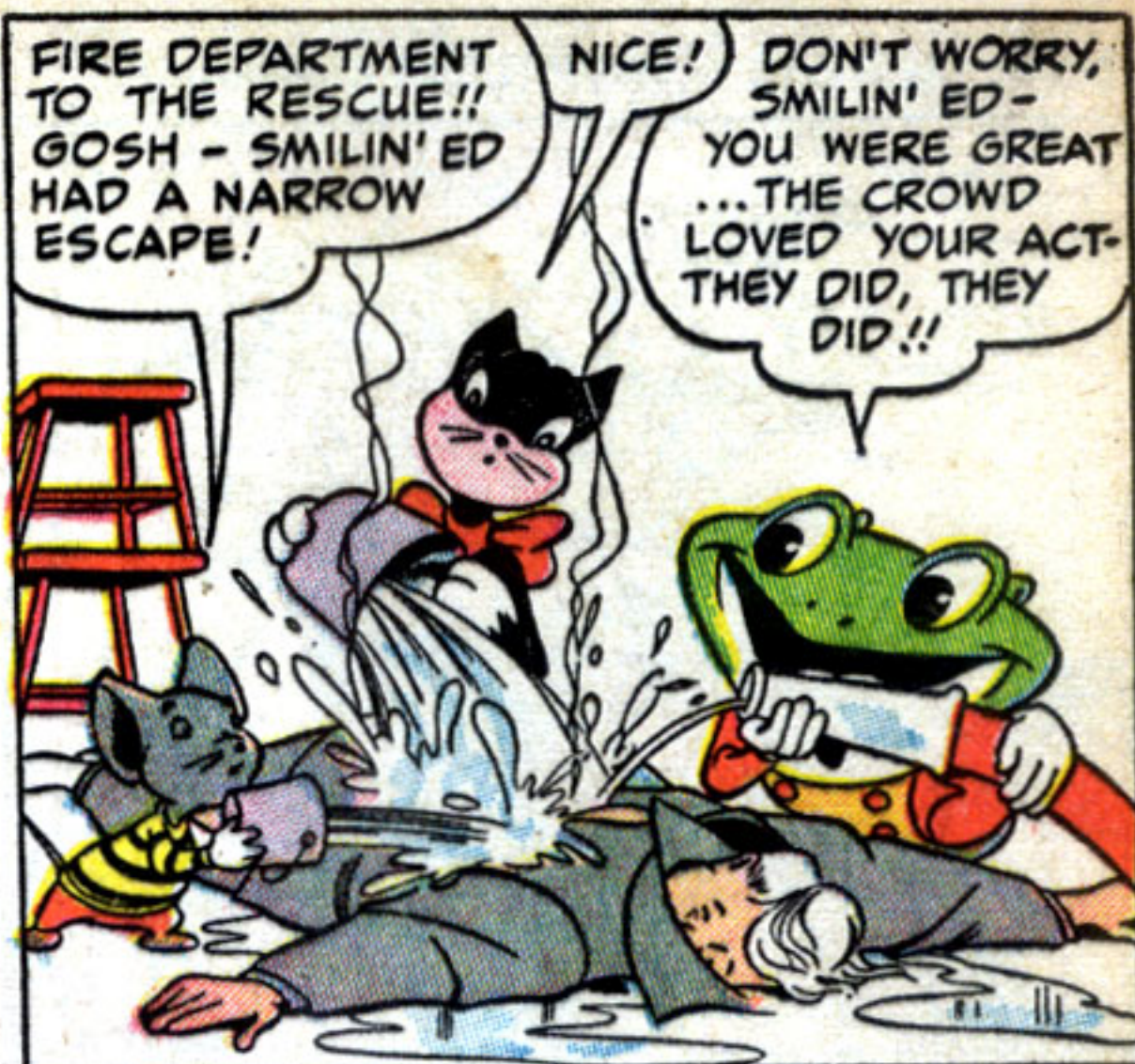


EEEEEEKK!!
FIRE!--I'M
GOIN' THROUGH
FIRE!!





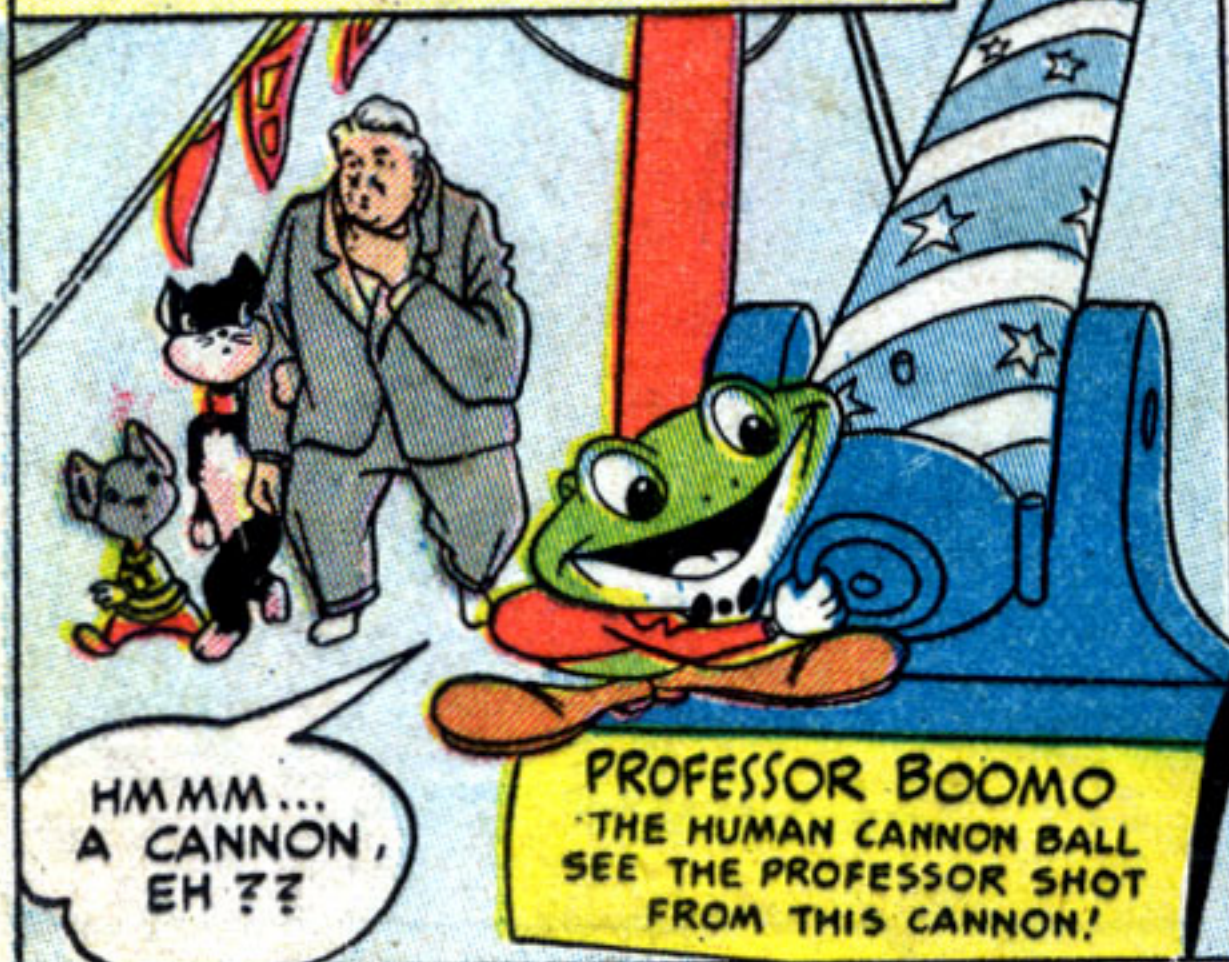
SAVE ME! SAVE ME!! - I'M ON FIRE!!



FIRE DEPARTMENT TO THE RESCUE!! GOSH - SMILIN' ED HAD A NARROW ESCAPE!

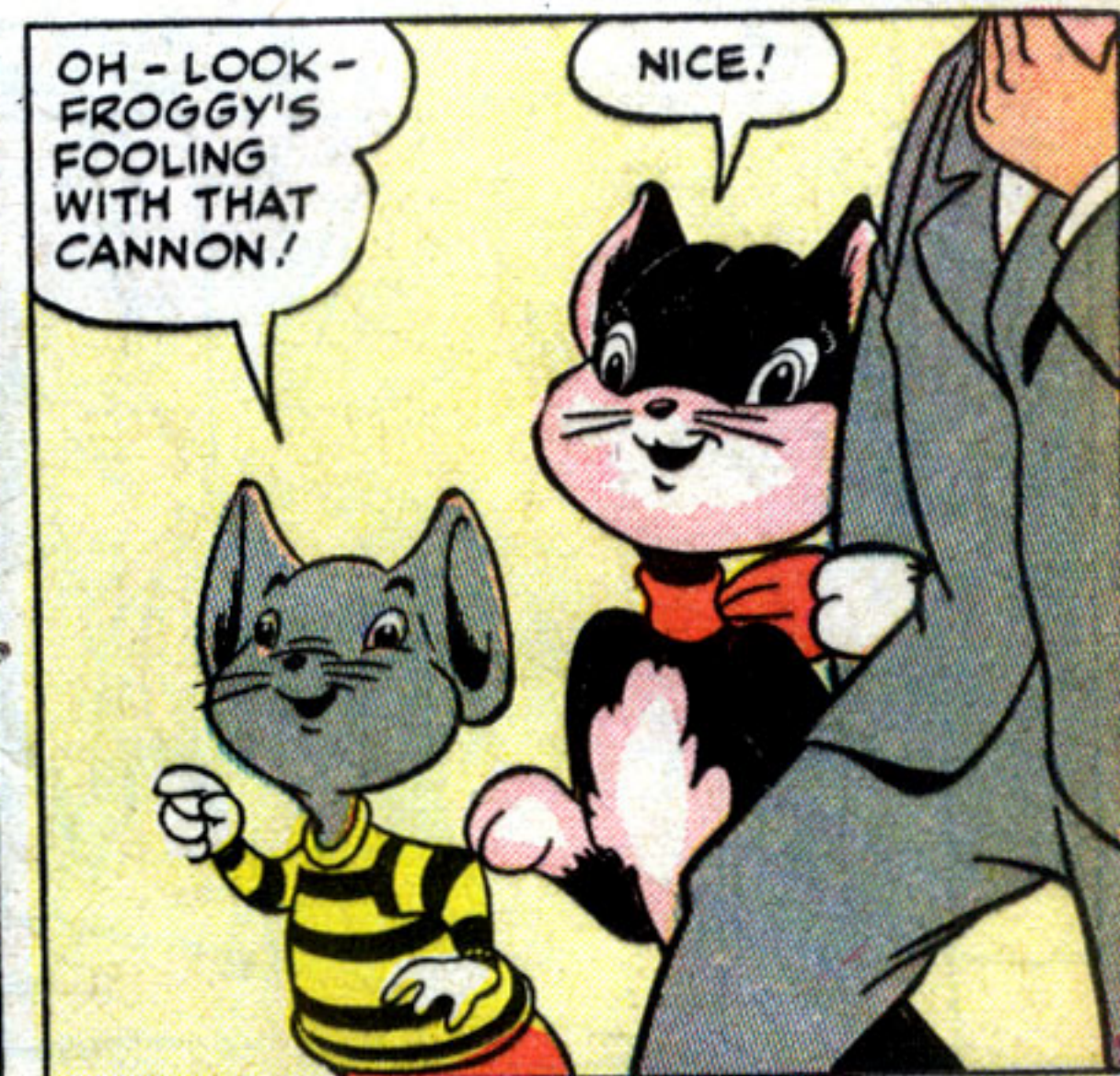
NICE! DON'T WORRY, SMILIN' ED - YOU WERE GREAT ...THE CROWD LOVED YOUR ACT- THEY DID, THEY DID!!

AND AS SQUEEKIE AND MIDNIGHT WALK OFF WITH SMILIN' ED, FROGGY'S EYES FALL ON A CANNON...



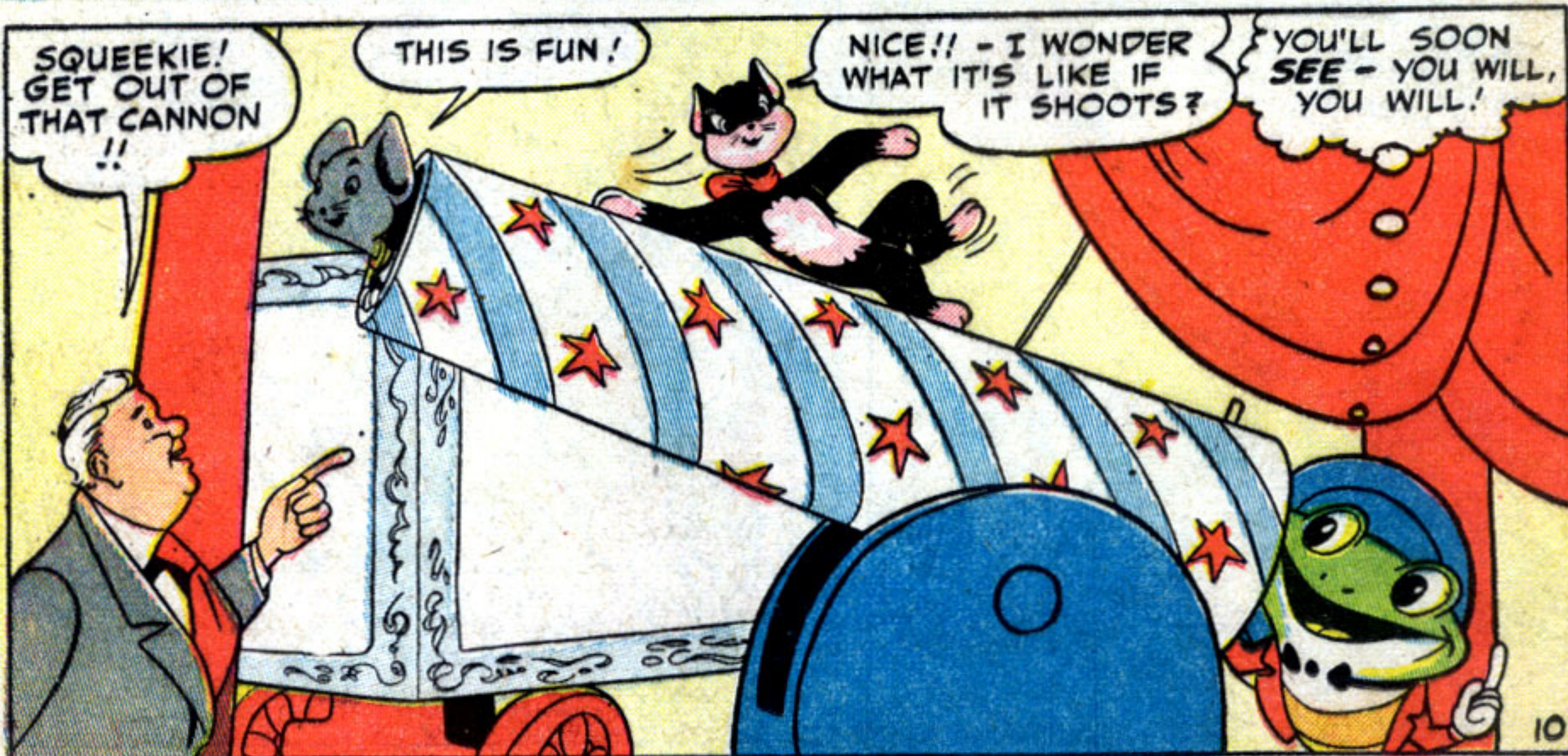
HMMM... A CANNON, EH??

PROFESSOR BOOMO
THE HUMAN CANNON BALL
SEE THE PROFESSOR SHOT
FROM THIS CANNON!



OH - LOOK - FROGGY'S FOOLING WITH THAT CANNON!

NICE!



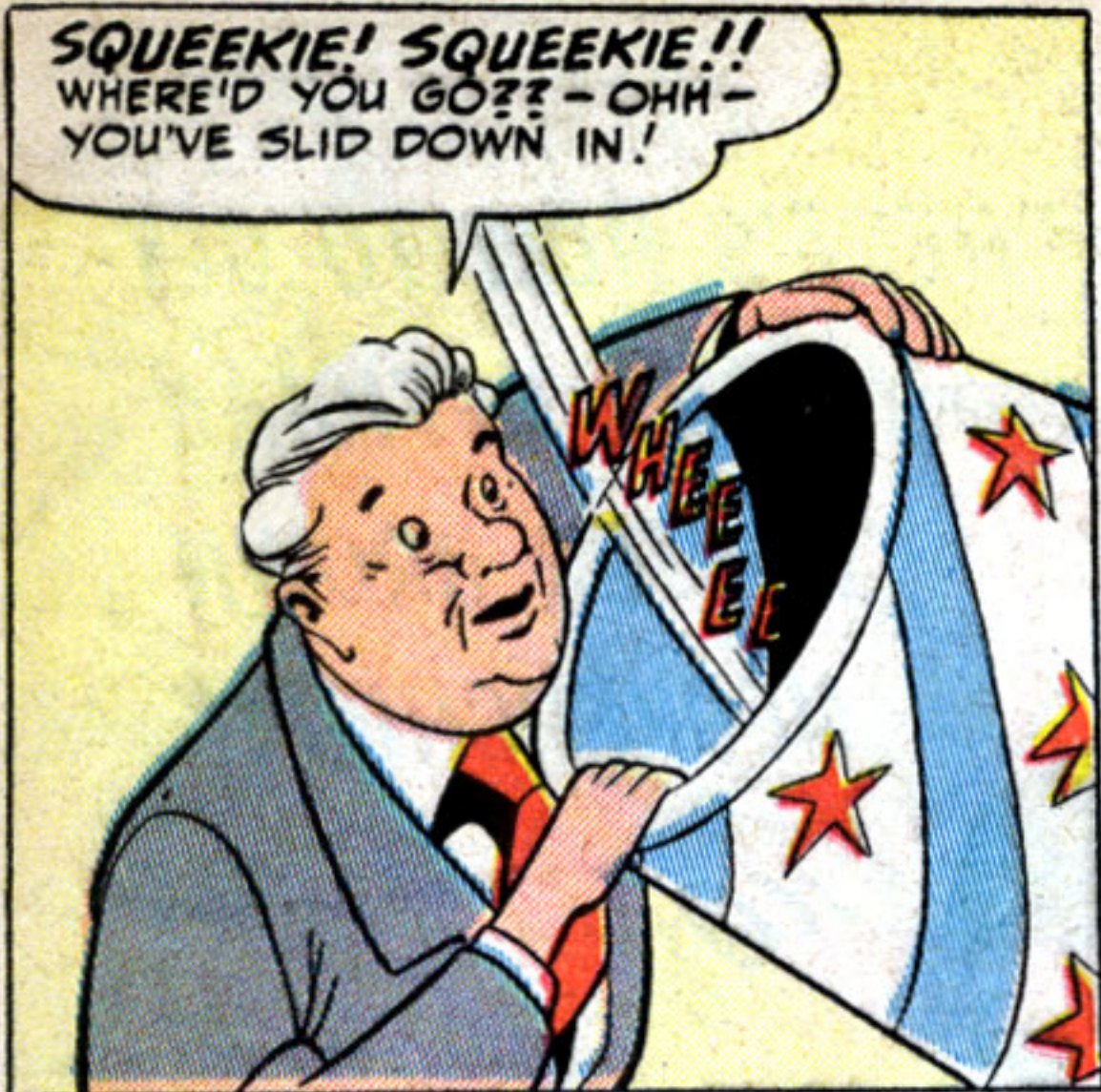
SQUEEKIE! GET OUT OF THAT CANNON!!

THIS IS FUN!

NICE!! - I WONDER WHAT IT'S LIKE IF IT SHOOTS?

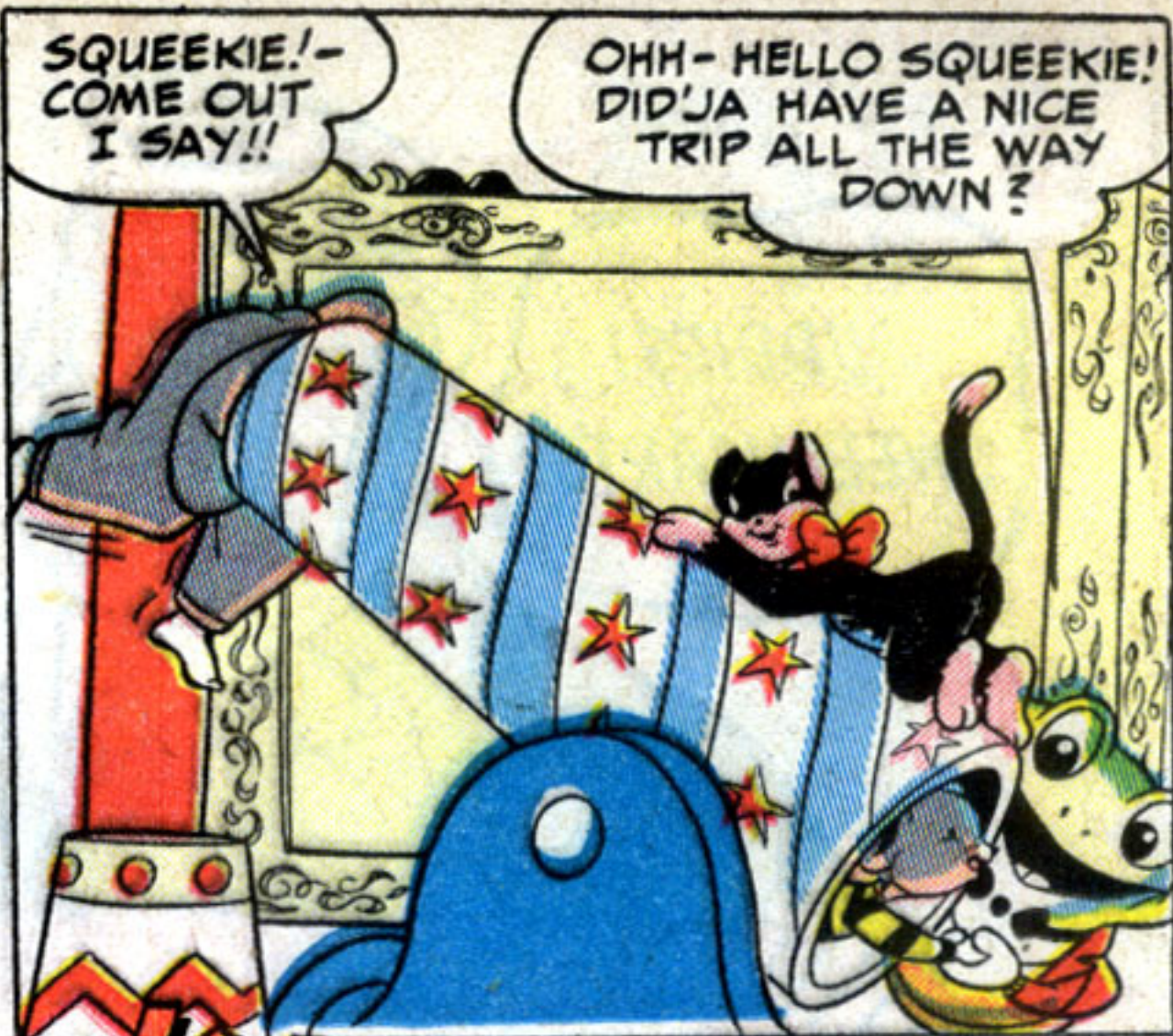
YOU'LL SOON SEE - YOU WILL, YOU WILL!

SQUEEKIE! SQUEEKIE!!
WHERE'D YOU GO?? - OHH -
YOU'VE SLID DOWN IN!



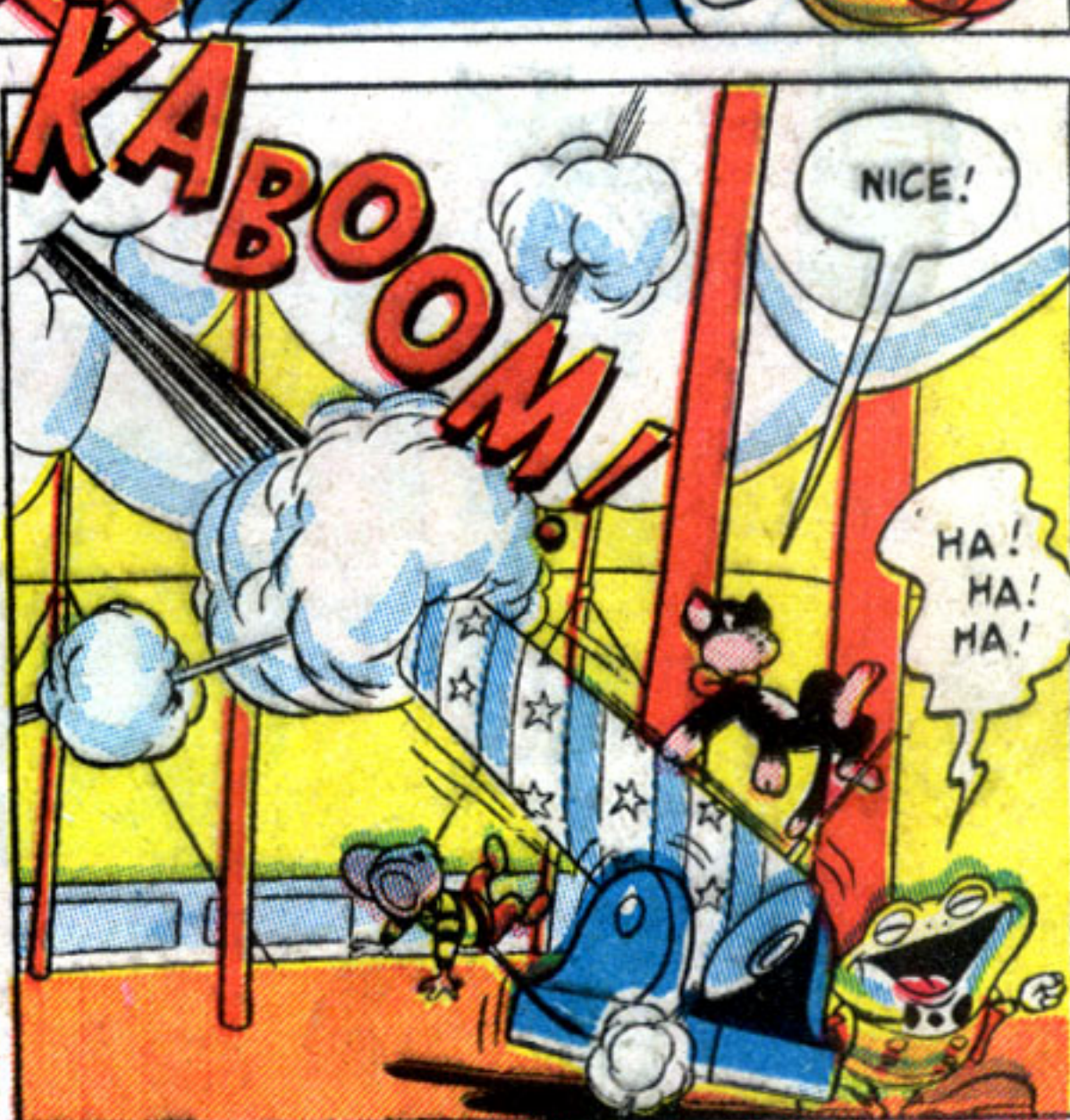
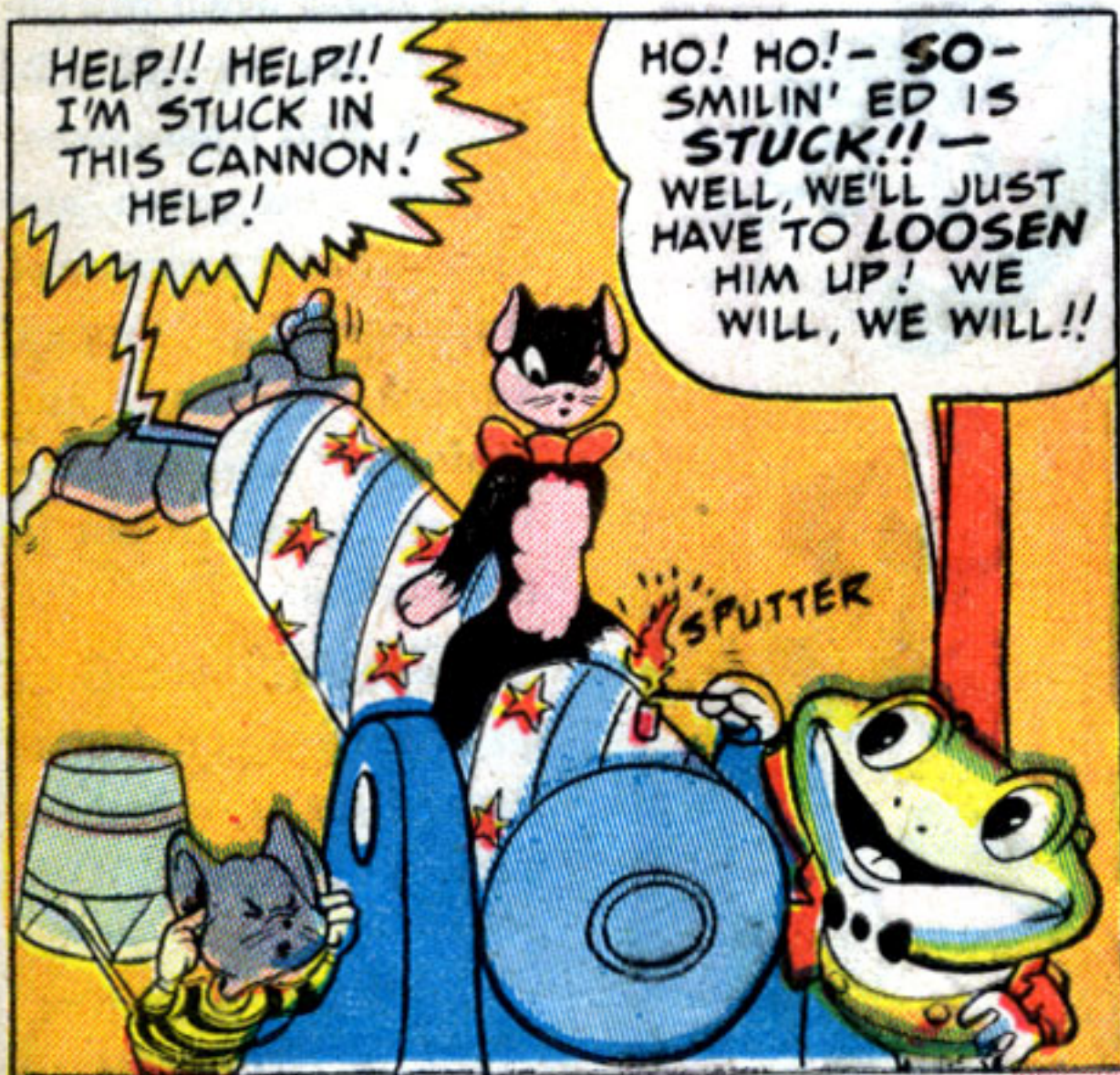
SQUEEKIE! -
COME OUT
I SAY!!

OHH - HELLO SQUEEKIE!
DID'JA HAVE A NICE
TRIP ALL THE WAY
DOWN?

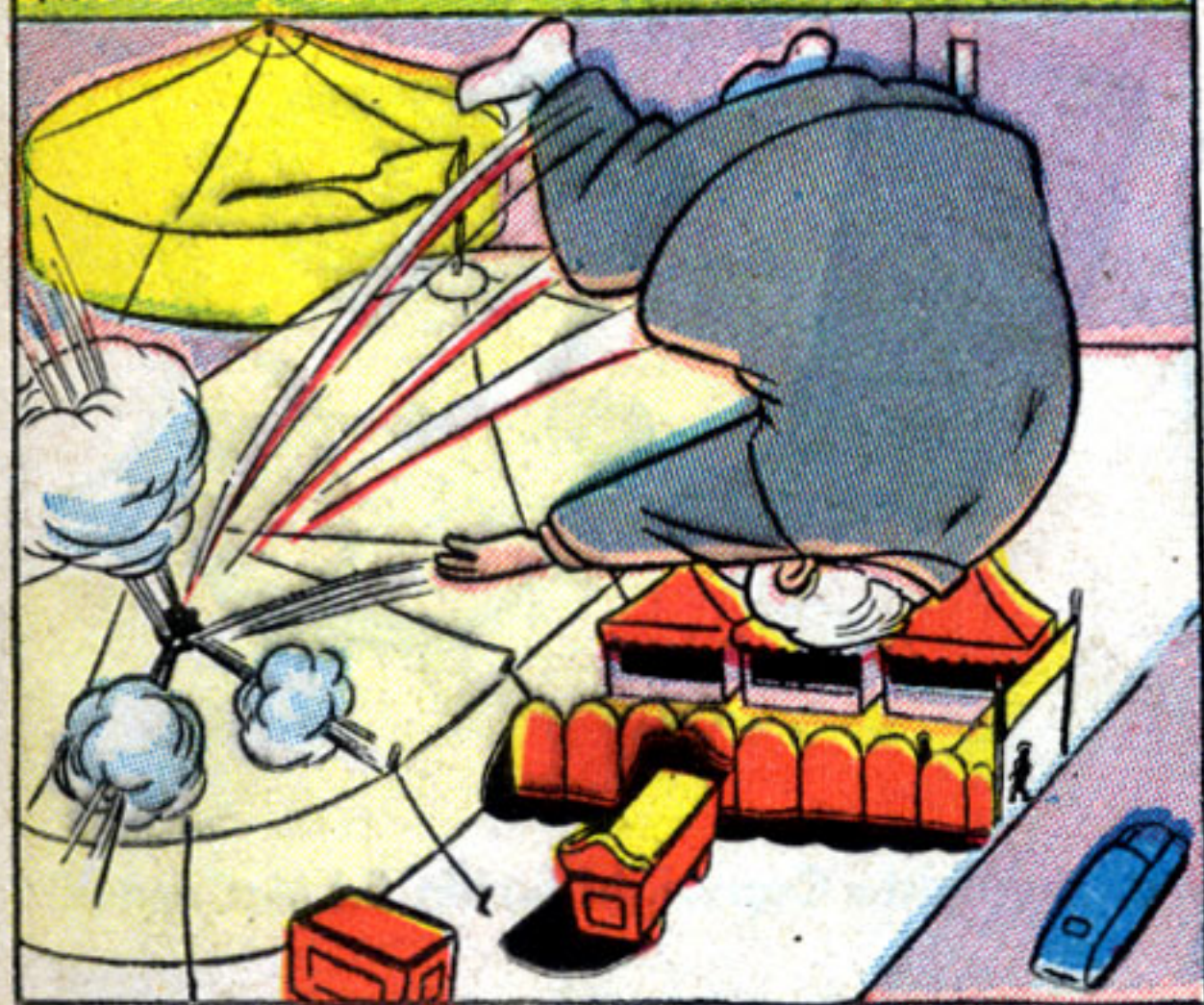


HELP!! HELP!!
I'M STUCK IN
THIS CANNON!
HELP!

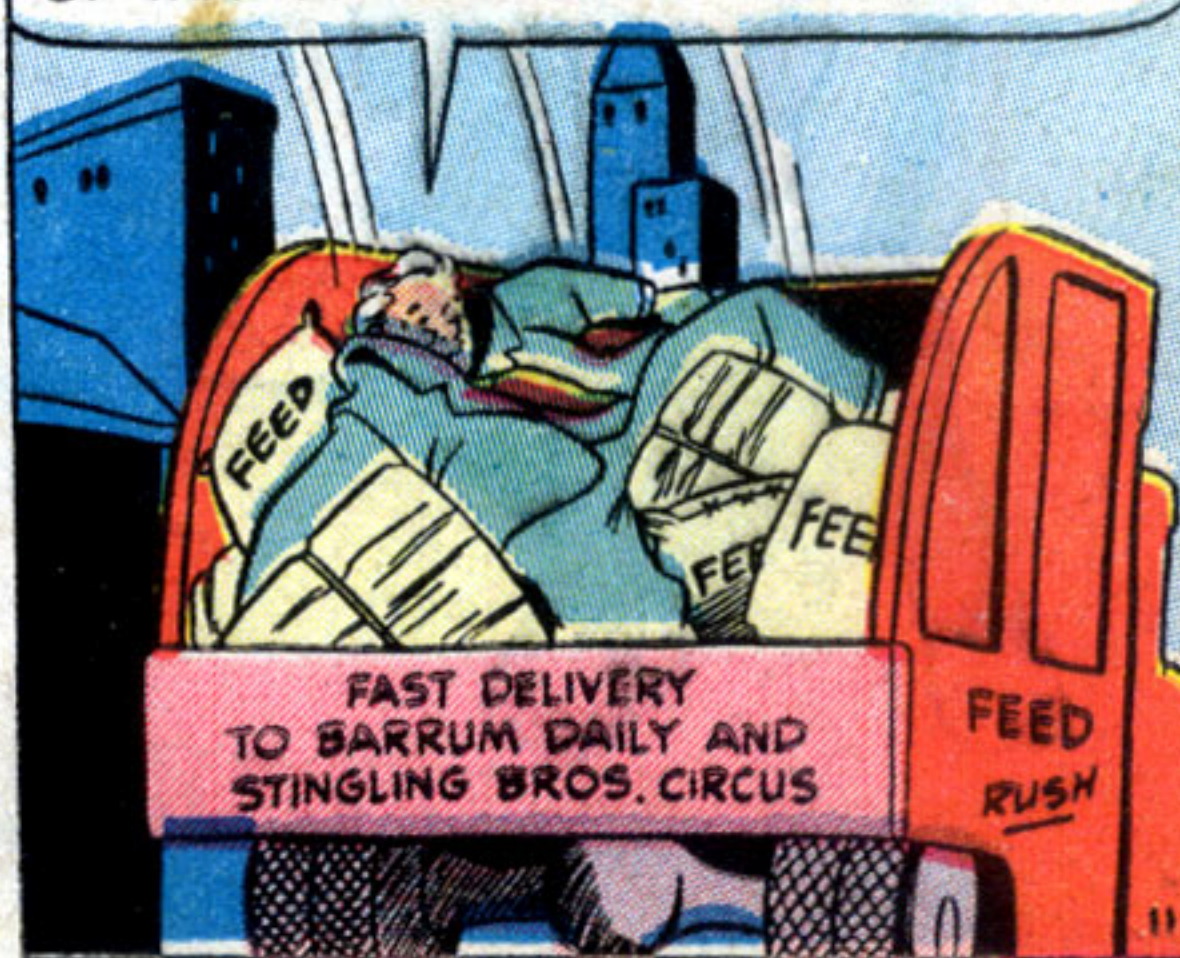
HO! HO! - SO-
SMILIN' ED IS
STUCK!! -
WELL, WE'LL JUST
HAVE TO LOOSEN
HIM UP! WE
WILL, WE WILL!!



AND ONCE AGAIN POOR SMILIN' ED FLIES
THROUGH THE AIR WITH THE GRACE OF A WHALE!



OHhh... MY BACK.. MY LEGS... AM I ALL
IN **ONE** PIECE? ... ANYWAY-- THANK
GOODNESS - I WON'T SEE ANYMORE
OF THAT AWFUL BARRUM DAILY CIRCUS!!



BUDDIES!
SWEETHEARTS!

"HERE'S HOW TO GET
YOUR OFFICIAL
BUSTER BROWN
NECKERCHIEF!"

"Here's how this neckerchief looks when you unfold it. It's *big*—22 x 24 inches. And what colors! Orange and green and brown. See the picture of Buster and Tige, Froggy, Squeekie, Grandy and Midnight! And, oh yes—I'm there, too. Right in the middle.

"Remember, this neckerchief is for you Buster Brown Gang members *only*. It's exclusive!"

IT IS!
IT IS!

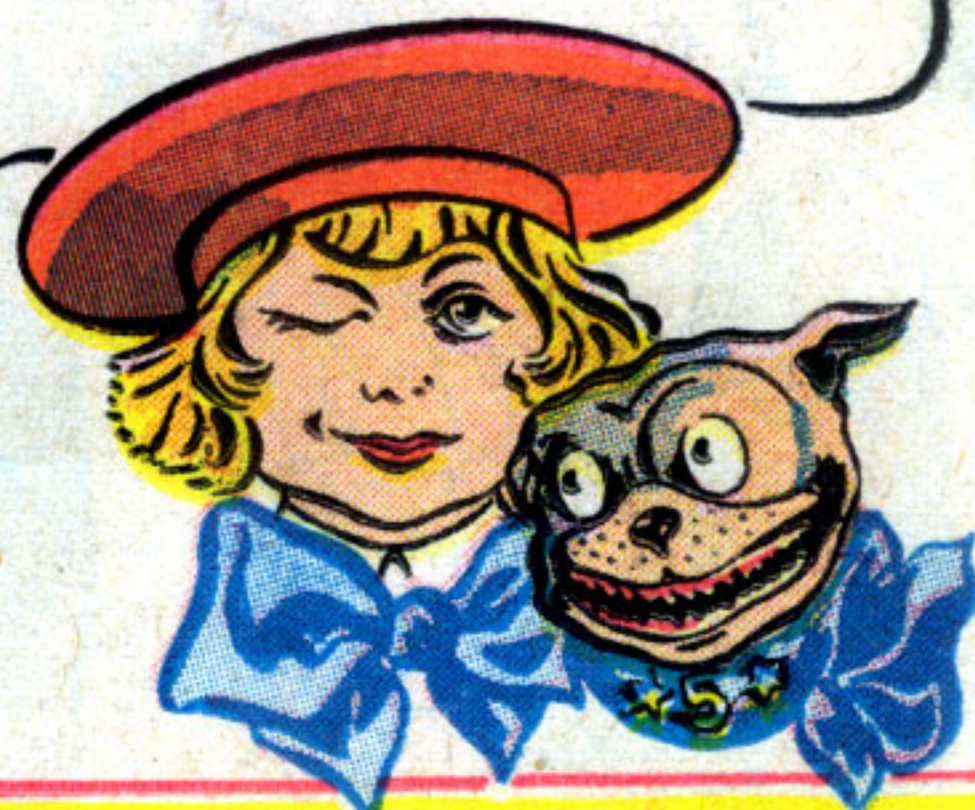
NICE!
NICE!



"Think of the fun—and how proud you'll be—to wear one of these neckerchiefs and show the crowd in your neighborhood that you really belong to my big, lively Buster Brown Gang. My buddies can wear theirs Western style or Boy Scout style. And my sweethearts can wear theirs as babushkas!"

This colorful neckerchief would cost you 80¢ or more if it were sold in a store. But you don't have to pay 80¢—no sir! You can have both the neckerchief and the clip, mailed right to your house, for only 25¢!

"THIS IS THE GLEAMING GOLD-COLORED METAL CLIP THAT COMES WITH EVERY NECKERCHIEF TO HOLD IT IN PLACE WHEN YOU WEAR IT."



HOW TO GET YOUR NECKERCHIEF

1. Fill out the coupon on the inside back cover.
2. Attach one quarter (25¢) in coin
3. Mail to Smilin' Ed McConnell
P. O. Box 3355
St. Louis 3, Missouri

And your neckerchief will be sent right away!

Smilin' Ed McConnell



The SULTAN'S RUBY

BABA, WE ARE INDEED HONORED THAT THE SULTAN OF SULEEM HAS SELECTED ONE OF OUR GREAT HORSES OF THE **TUAREG BREED** TO CARRY HIS MESSENGER ON THIS MISSION OF SUCH GREAT IMPORTANCE!

YES, FATHER, THE WHOLE DESERT KNOWS THAT OUR TUAREG HORSES ARE THE BEST-AND NONE IS GREATER THAN MY OWN JA-MI-LI!

AND WHAT IS THIS GREAT MISSION FOR WHICH JA-MI-LI IS BEING USED?

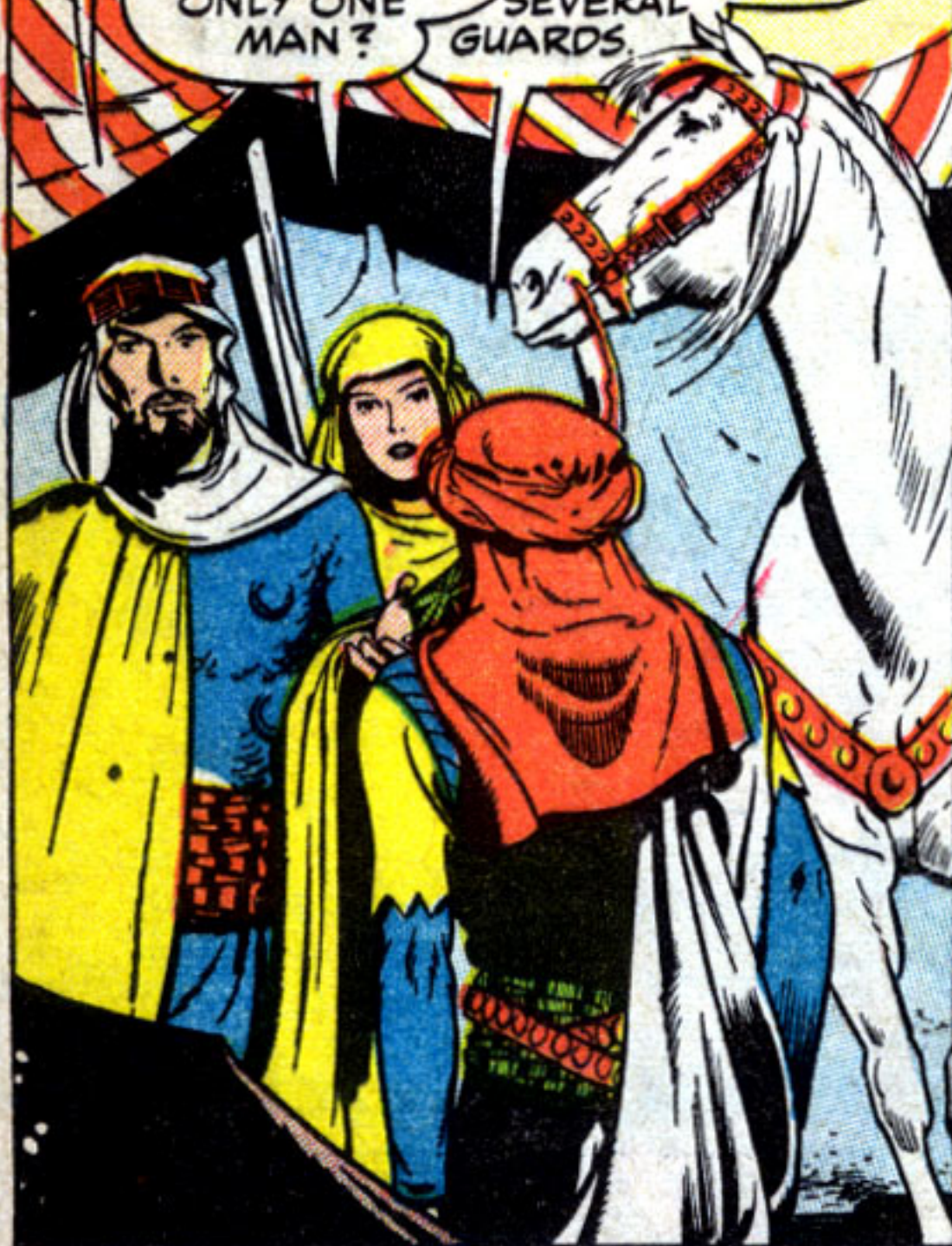


BABA, SON OF THE DESERT CHIEFTAIN, ALI BEN FOUSSA STANDS BESIDE HIS FINE ARABIAN HORSE, JA-MI-LI, AND HE SPEAKS WITH HIS MOTHER AND FATHER...

THE SULTAN HAS PURCHASED A GREAT AND VALUABLE RUBY TO WEAR ON HIS TURBAN ON STATE OCCASIONS AND HE SENDS A MESSENGER ON OUR FAST JA-MI-LI TO BRING THE RUBY TO HIS PALACE.

HE IS SENDING ONLY ONE MAN?

IT SEEMS THAT SUCH A PRIZE SHOULD HAVE SEVERAL GUARDS.



VERY WELL, FATHER, IF THE SULTAN FEELS THAT NO GUARD IS NECESSARY AND THAT THE BEST PROTECTION HE CAN GIVE HIS PRECIOUS RUBY IS TO HAVE IT CARRIED ON THE SPEEDIEST HORSE, THEN JA-MI-LI WILL PROVE WORTHY OF THE HONOR IN EVERY WAY.

AWAY, JA-MI-LI! WE ARE OFF!

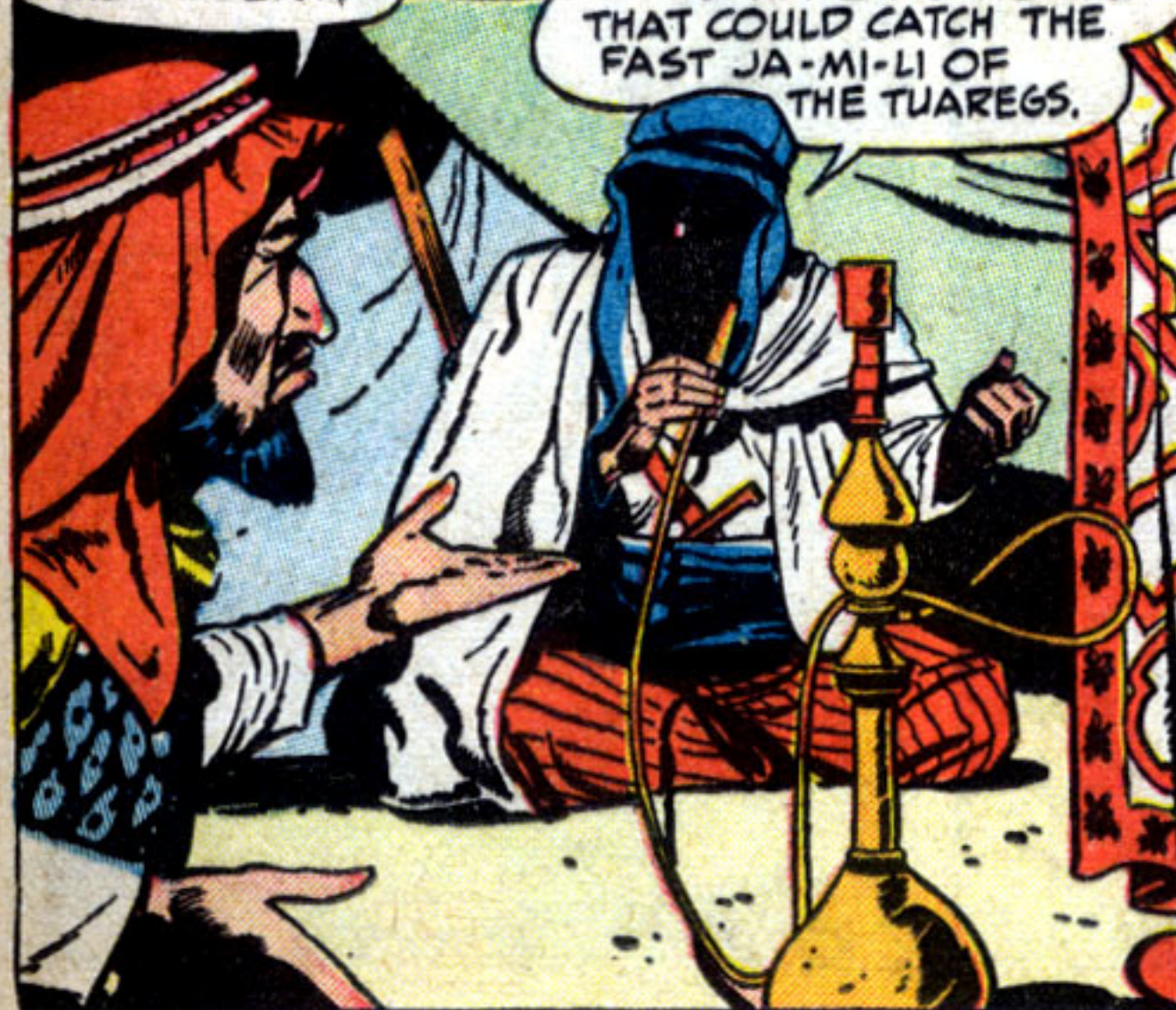
GOOD LUCK, MY SON, AND I ONLY REGRET THAT THE HONOR WILL NOT BE YOURS, TO RIDE AS THE SULTAN'S MESSENGER!



MEANWHILE, AT A SPOT SOME DISTANCE OFF IN THE DESERT, HASSIM, A TREACHEROUS BEDOUIN, SPEAKS WITH HIS RENEGADE HENCHMAN, BAALID.

BAALID, THERE IS VERY LITTLE GOLD LEFT IN OUR MONEY BAGS. BUT SOON WE CAN PUT OUR HANDS ON A GREAT TREASURE THAT IS ABOUT TO CROSS THE DESERT.

BUT HASSIM, YOU MEAN THAT WE SHOULD TRY TO STEAL THE SULTAN'S GRAND RUBY? THAT WOULD BE TOO DARING AND BESIDES, WE HAVE NO HORSE THAT COULD CATCH THE FAST JA-MI-LI OF THE TUAREGS.



AH, BUT THERE IS A HORSE THAT CAN CATCH JA-MI-LI! IT IS HER OWN FATHER, THE GREAT WHITE STALLION, THAT IS ALSO OWNED BY THE TUAREG BOY, BABA. I HAPPEN TO KNOW THE SPEED OF THIS STALLION THEY CALL SHEIK.

MAYBE SO, HASSIM, BUT WE DO NOT HAVE THE STALLION. DO YOU MEAN THAT WE MIGHT STEAL HIM FROM THE TUAREGS?

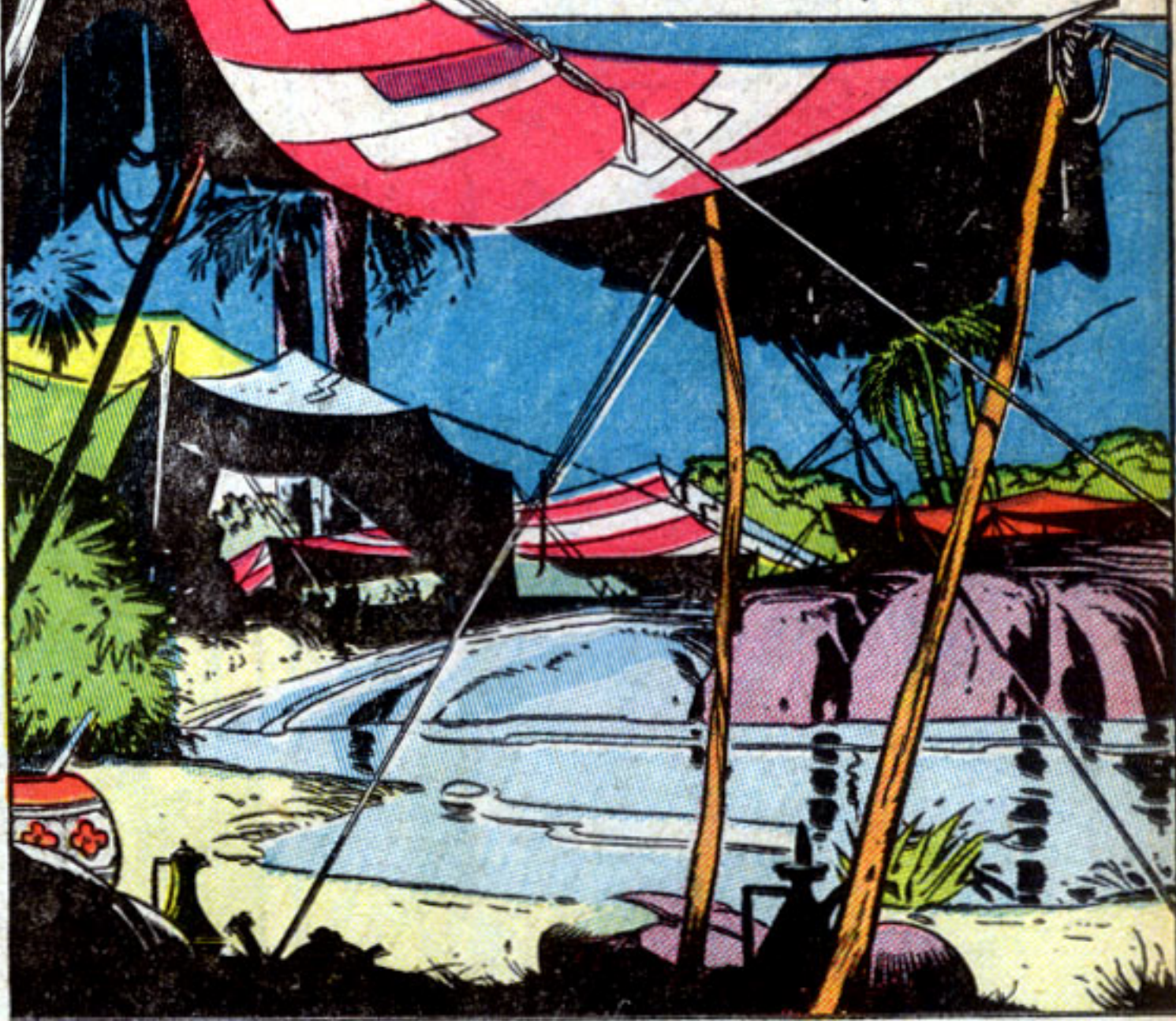


COME, BAALID, WE HAVE WORK TO DO. GET TWO MEN AND HORSES. WE GO TO THE TUAREG CAMP TONIGHT.

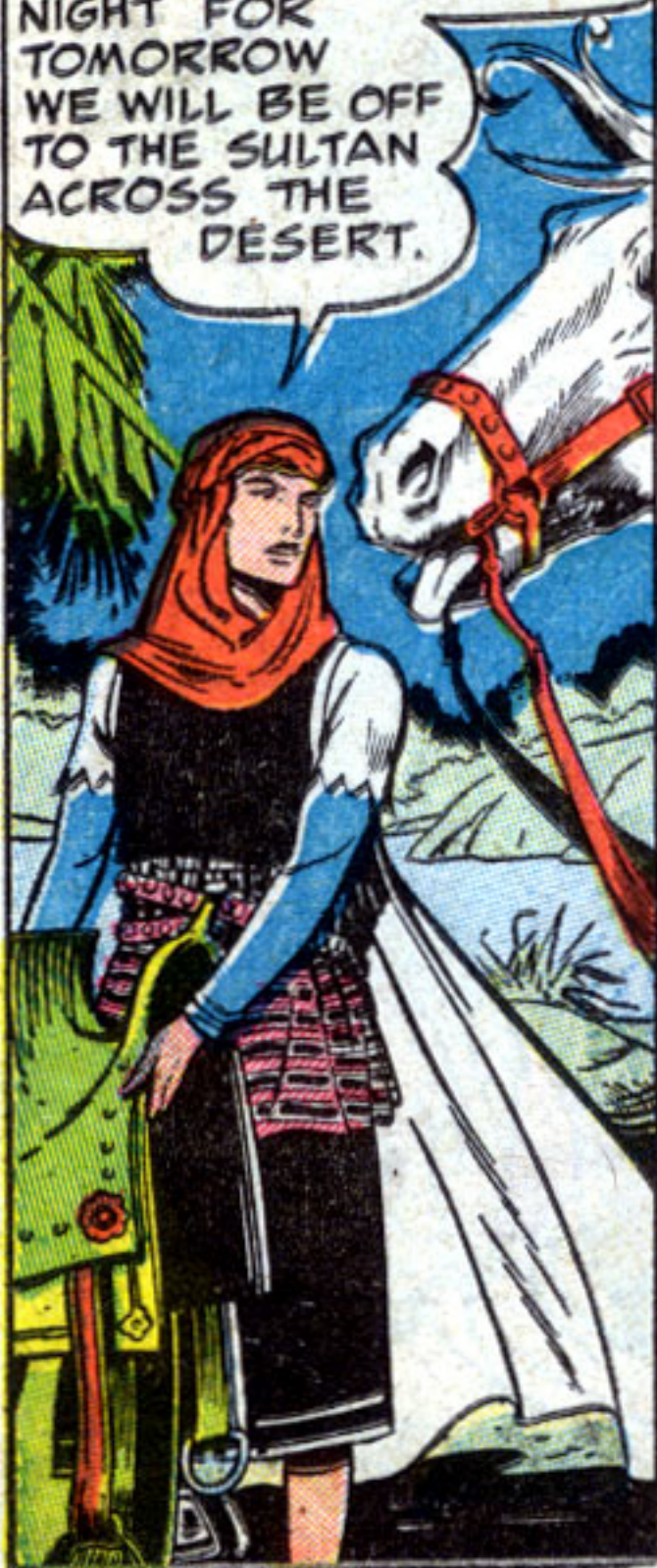
I WONDER IF YOUR TRICK WILL WORK?



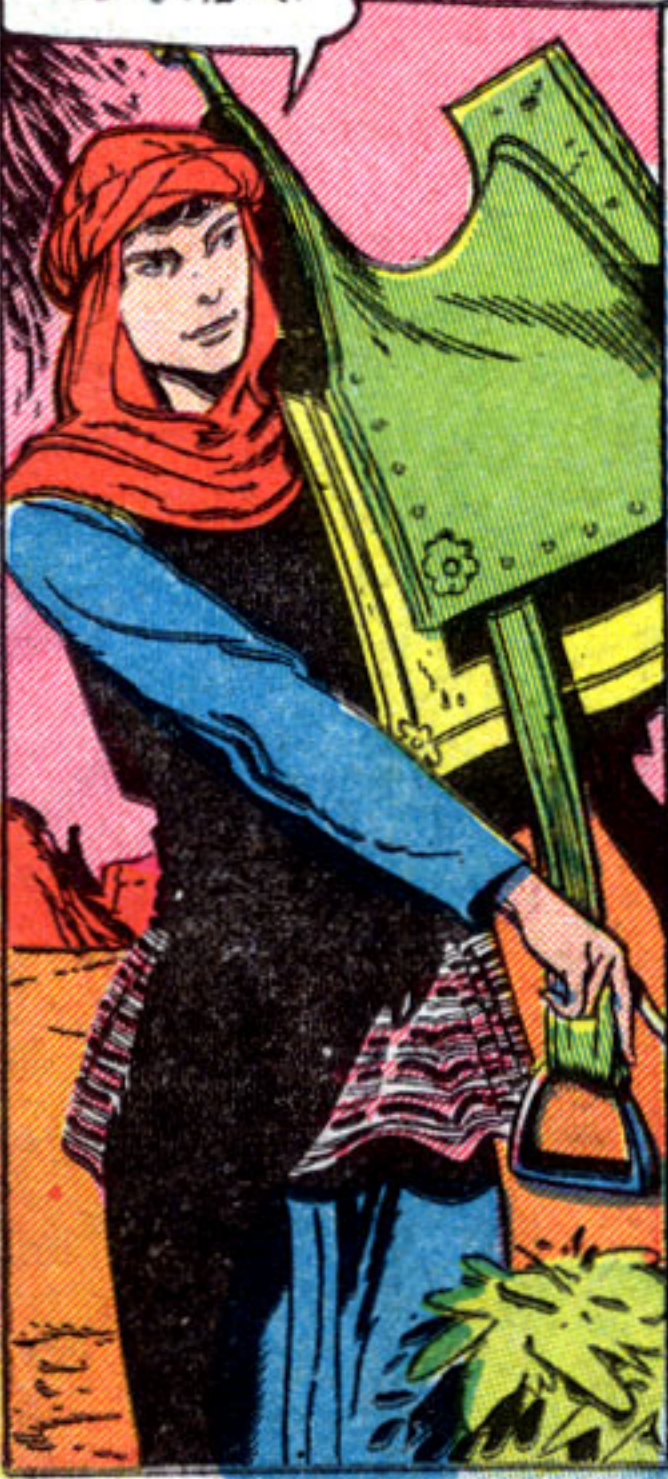
SITUATED IN A LOVELY OASIS WITH A PLENTIFUL SUPPLY OF SPRING WATER, THE TUAREG CAMP PROVIDED IDEAL GRAZING GROUNDS FOR THE HORSES AND CAMELS. CONFIDENT THAT THE ANIMALS WOULDN'T STRAY FROM SUCH FINE PASTURAGE, THE TUAREGS TURNED THEM LOOSE - AND AMONG THE HORSES WAS BABA'S GREAT WHITE STALLION, SHEIK.



WELL, JA-MI-LI, THAT WAS A FINE GALLOP WE HAD - NOW EAT AND REST THIS NIGHT FOR TOMORROW WE WILL BE OFF TO THE SULTAN ACROSS THE DESERT.



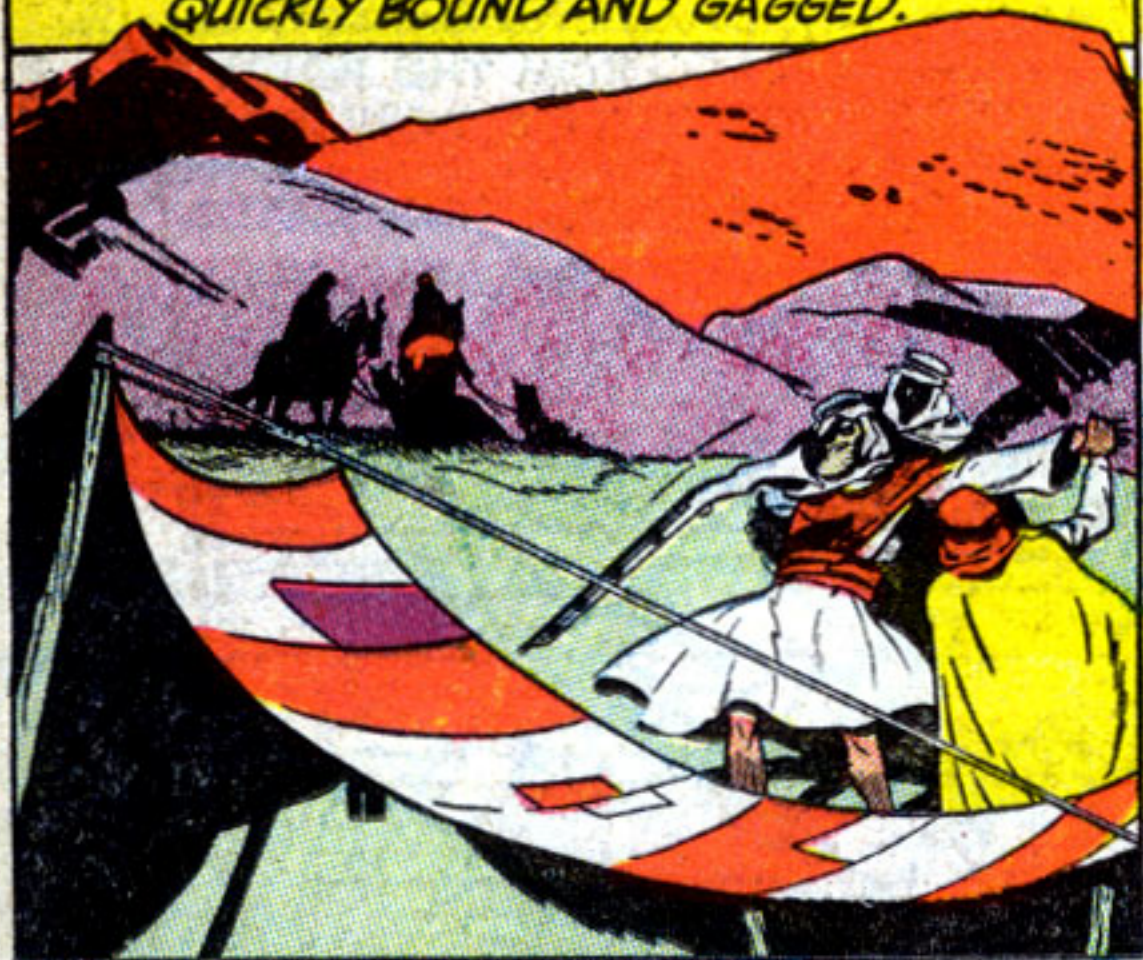
THERE IS OLD SHEIK, THE GREAT WHITE STALLION, GRAZING WITH THE REST. IF ANY HORSE CAN RUN WITH THE SPEED OF JA-MI-LI, IT IS SHEIK.



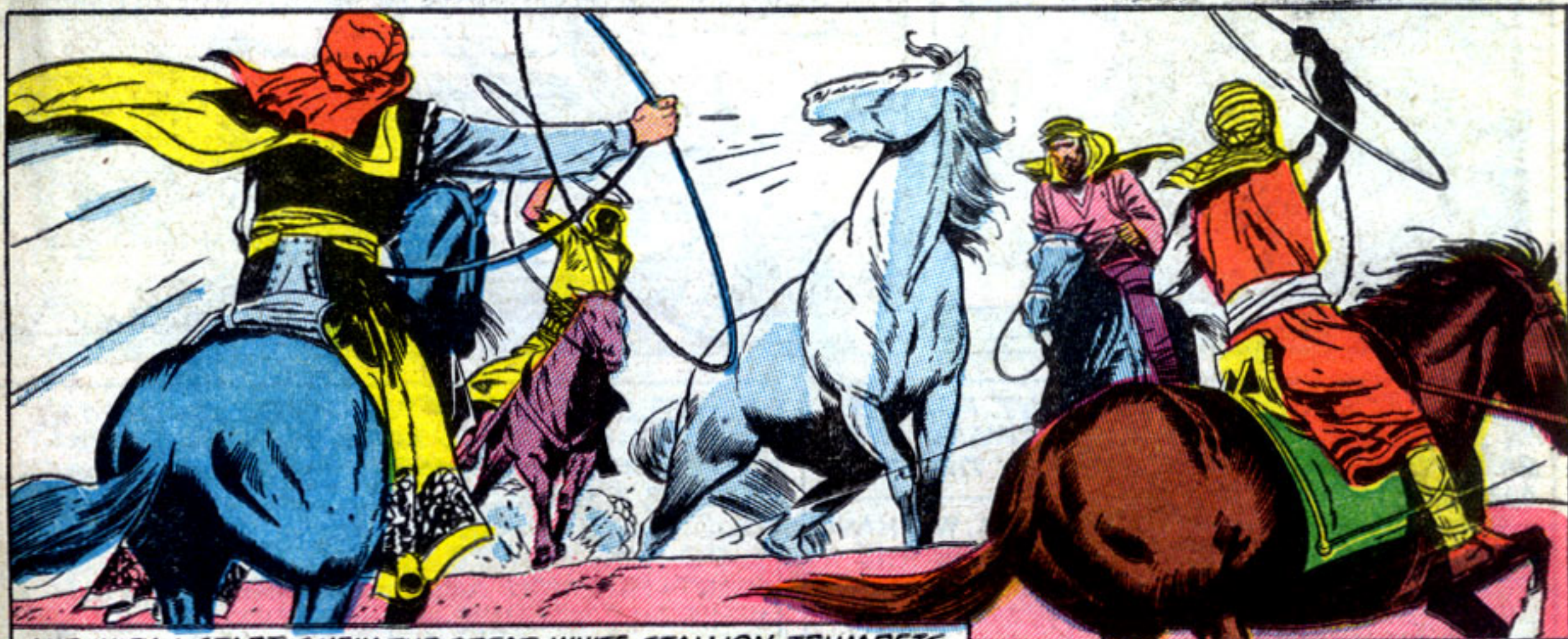
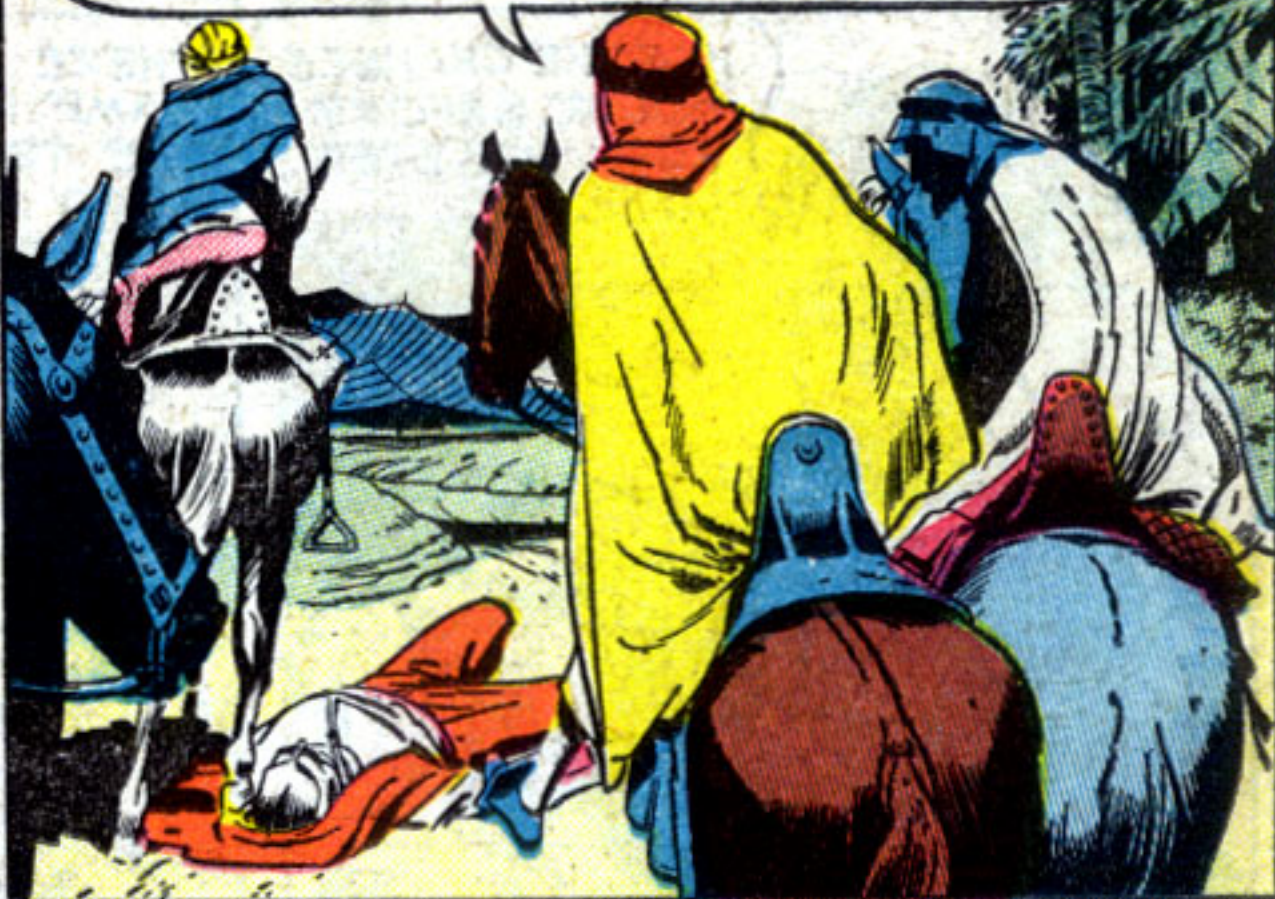
AND IN THE STILLNESS OF THE NIGHT THE ANIMALS GRAZE QUIETLY UNDER THE WATCHFUL EYE OF A GUARD.



FOUR MOUNTED FIGURES GLIDE QUIETLY TOWARD THE TUAREG CAMP--AND IN ONE QUICK MOVEMENT TWO OF THE RIDERS POUNCE ON THE LONE GUARD WHO IS QUICKLY BOUND AND GAGGED.

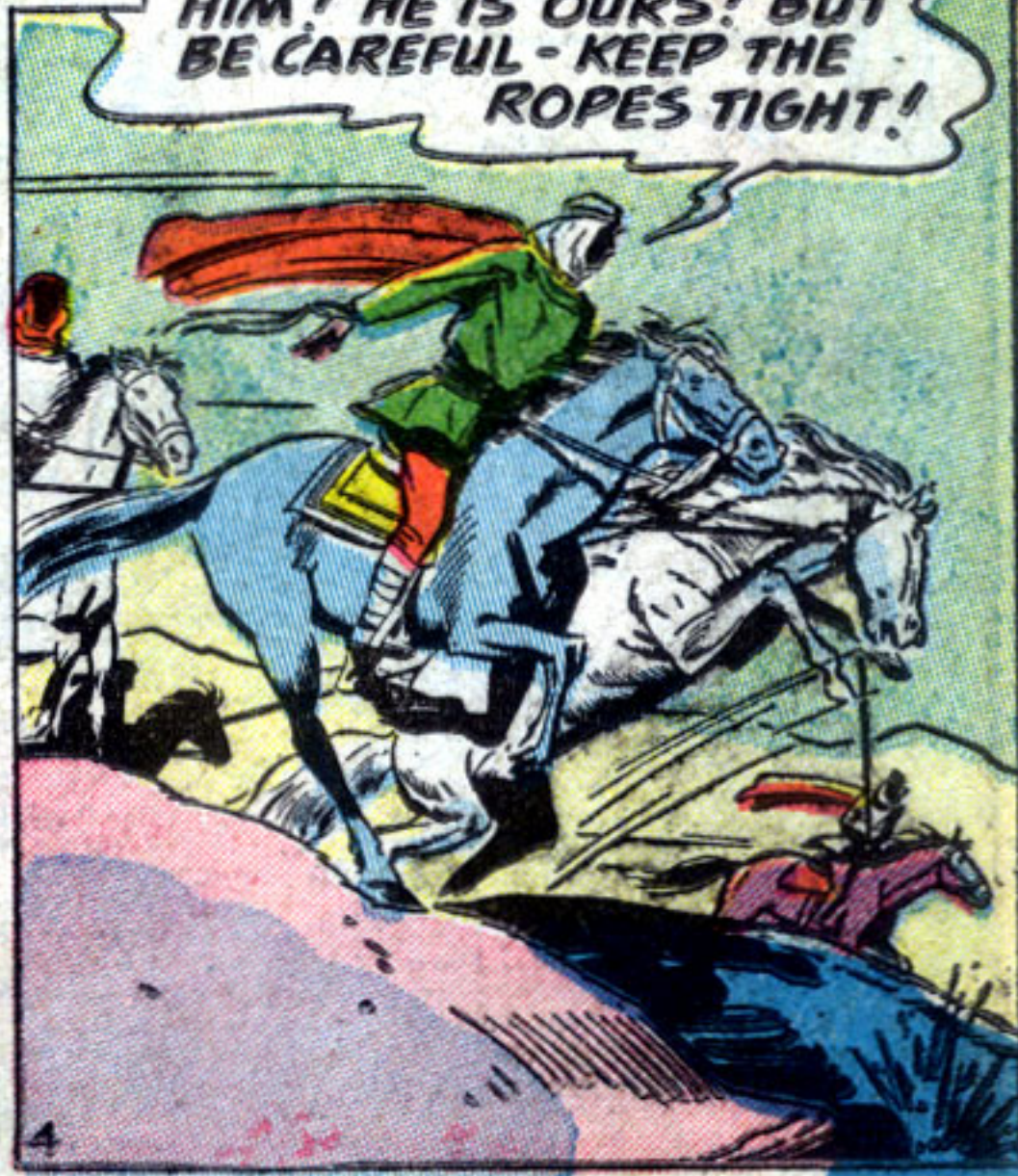
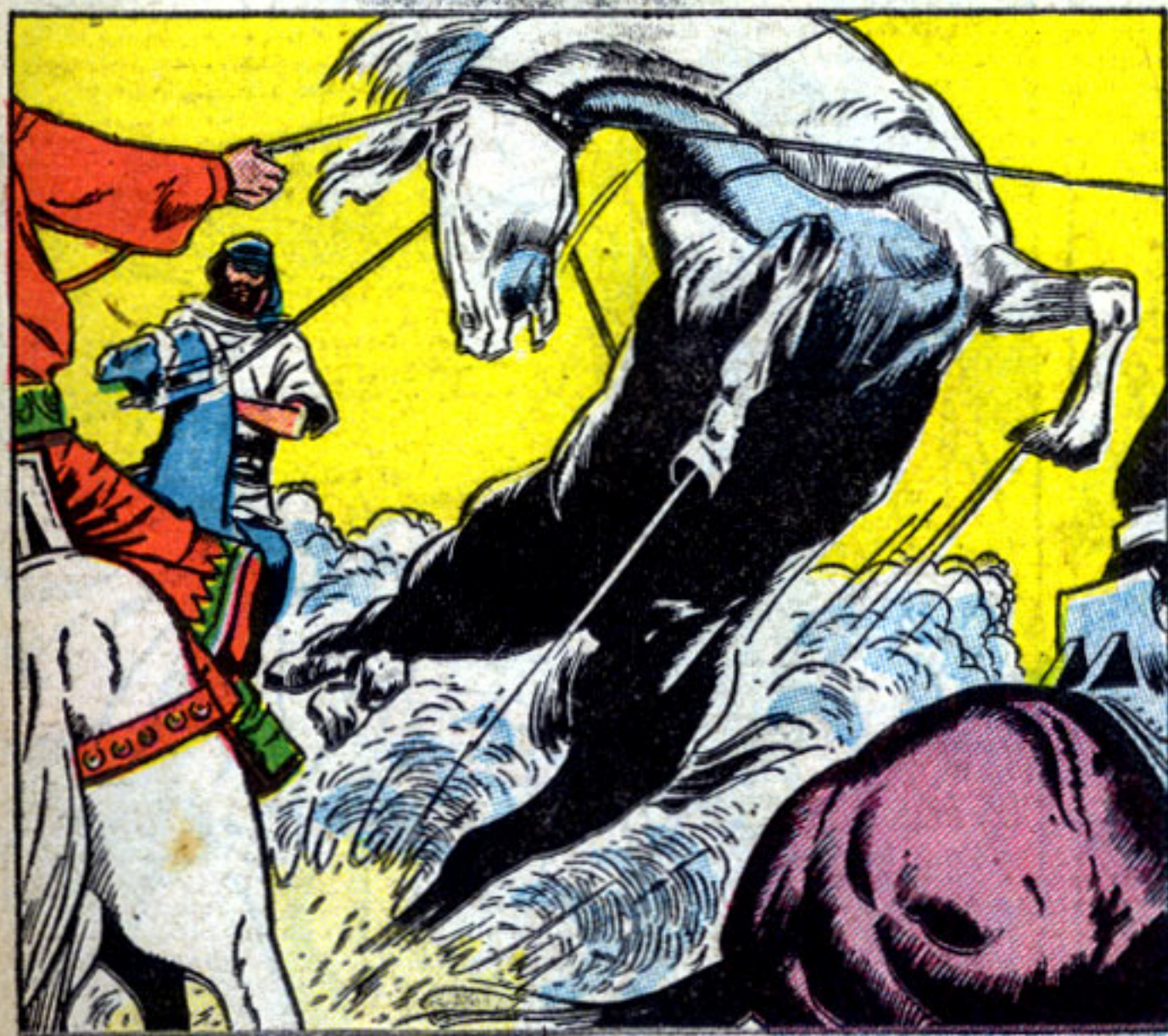


"VERY GOOD--NOW, BAALID, WE WILL TAKE THE GREAT WHITE STALLION. REMEMBER--HE IS A TERROR, AND DO NOT FORGET OUR PLAN--WE THROW FOUR LOOPS FROM FOUR DIRECTIONS.



AND WITH A START, SHEIK, THE GREAT WHITE STALLION TRUMPETS DEFIANCE AT THESE MEN WHOM HE SENSES TO BE MARAUDERS.

WE HAVE HIM! WE HAVE HIM! HE IS OURS! BUT BE CAREFUL--KEEP THE ROPES TIGHT!



AND LATER-- BACK AT HASSIM'S CAMP, THE GREAT SHEIK STRUGGLES AGAINST HIS TETHER AS HASSIM STAINS HIS WHITE BODY WITH A BLACK DYE MADE OF PRESSED DATES...

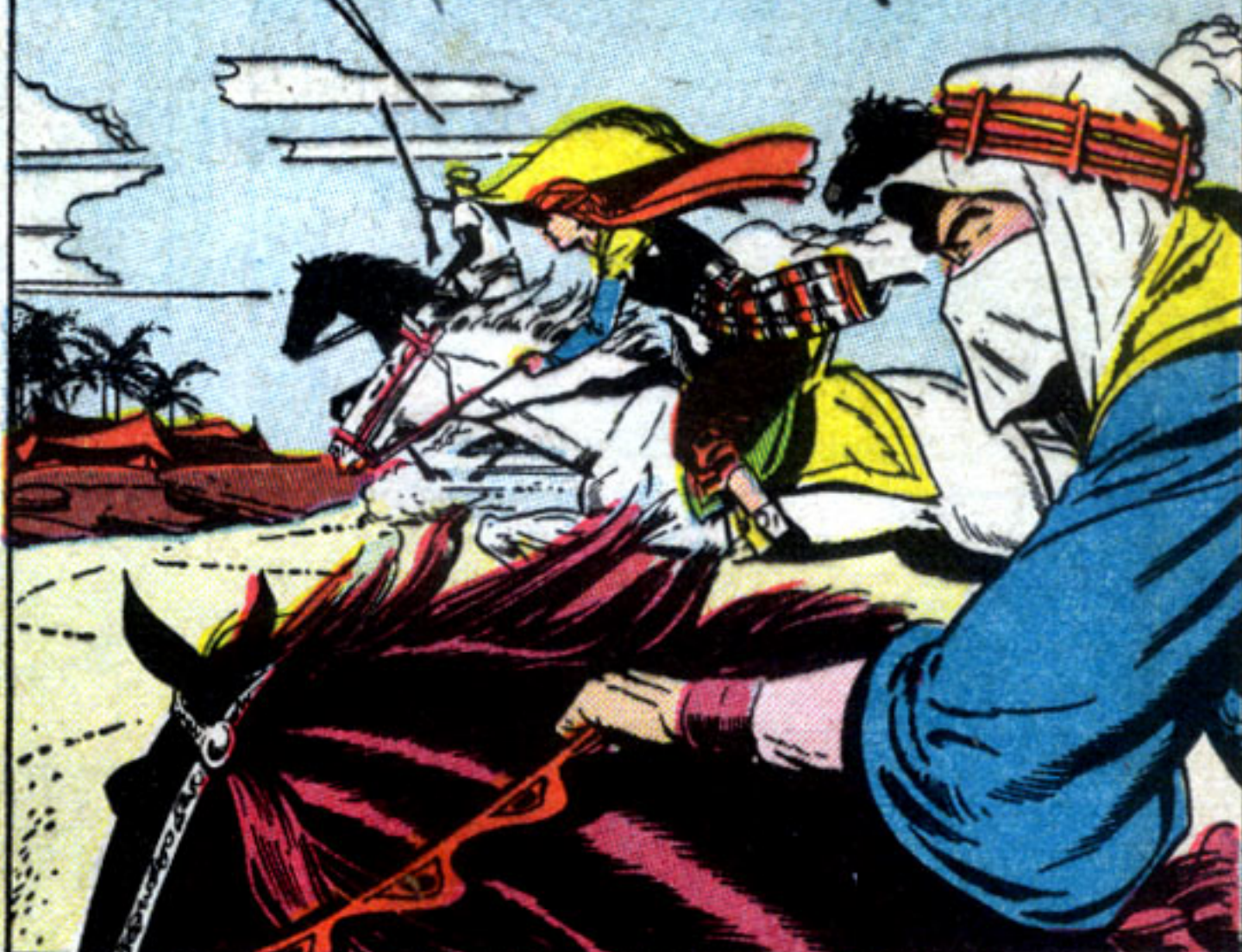


HAH! HE CHANGES COLOR BEFORE OUR VERY EYES...

BUT SHEIK'S DISAPPEARANCE WAS THE SIGNAL TO ACTION FOR BABA AND HIS FELLOW BAND OF TUAREG WARRIORS. WITH BABA'S FATHER, ALI BEN FOUSSA, AT THEIR HEAD, THE TUAREGS THUNDER OVER THE TRAIL OF THE RAIDERS' TRACKS.

THERE IS THEIR CAMP BEYOND-- THE TRACKS LEAD US RIGHT TO IT.

AND FROM THE FORM OF THE TENT I WOULD GUESS THAT IT'S THE LAIR OF HASSIM, THE TREACHEROUS BEDOUIN.



AND ALI BEN FOUSSA WAS RIGHT, FOR AS HE DISMOUNTS AND WALKS FORWARD WITH BABA, THEY ARE CONFRONTED BY THE CALM AND OILY HASSIM.

WELL, PRAY TELL ME--TO WHAT DO I OWE THIS UNEXPECTED VISIT? YOUR WARRIOR BAND DOES NOT MAKE A PRETTY PICTURE.

HASSIM, WE HAVE COME FOR THE WHITE STALLION YOU STOLE



WHITE STALLION? WHAT WHITE STALLION? THERE IS NO WHITE STALLION IN MY CAMP. INDEED, I HAVE ONLY ONE OLD WHITE MARE WHICH I DO NOT BELIEVE YOU WANT-- BUT YOU ARE WELCOME TO *HER*-- HAH, HAH!

FATHER, SEE THAT FINE BLACK STALLION TIED OVER THERE! BUT FOR HIS COLOR HE REMINDS ME IN EVERY WAY OF OUR GREAT WHITE SHEIK.



A FEW DAYS PASS. BABA AND HIS FATHER LEFT HASSIM'S CAMP WITHOUT EVEN KNOWING THAT THE BEAUTIFUL BLACK STALLION WAS REALLY THEIR OWN SHEIK DYED BLACK. AND NOW BABA'S MOTHER GREETS A VISITOR TO THEIR TUAREG CAMP... IT IS THE SULTAN OF SULEEM AND HE IS VERY ANGRY...

GREETINGS, EXCELLENCY, WE ARE HONORED. WHAT HOSPITALITY CAN WE OFFER YOU THIS DAY?

I WANT YOUR SON, THE BOY YOU CALL BABA - WHERE IS HE?

MY SON? WHAT DO YOU WANT OF MY SON?

I WISH TO ASK HIM WHY HE SET UPON MY MESSENGER AND STOLE MY RUBY. HE MUST RETURN IT TO ME, OR DIE!

OH HH... YOUR SON IS THE ONLY ONE IN THE DESERT WHO OWNS A HORSE THAT IS FAST ENOUGH TO HAVE CAUGHT THE HORSE, JA-MI-LI, WHICH I BORROWED FROM HIM FOR THE MISSION.

IT IS TRUE THAT YOUR SON'S HORSE SHEIK IS **WHITE** AND THE HORSE RIDDEN BY THE MAN WHO OVERTOOK MY MESSENGER WAS A **BLACK HORSE**, BUT THE ROBE OF MY MESSENGER CARRIES A GREAT BLACK STAIN WHICH IS **DYE**, MADE FROM **PRESSED DATES**. YOUR SON'S HORSE WAS NOT STOLEN - INSTEAD HE WAS DYED BLACK BY YOUR SON SO THAT HE COULD STEAL MY RUBY.

SURELY, EXCELLENCY, THERE IS SOMETHING WRONG, FOR I KNOW MY SON IS NOT A THIEF.

NO MATTER! I WILL GIVE YOUR SON ONE WEEK TO RETURN MY RUBY. IF HE DOES NOT DO THIS, I WILL RETURN WITH MY MEN AND DESTROY YOUR CAMP. DO NOT TAKE MY WORDS LIGHTLY!

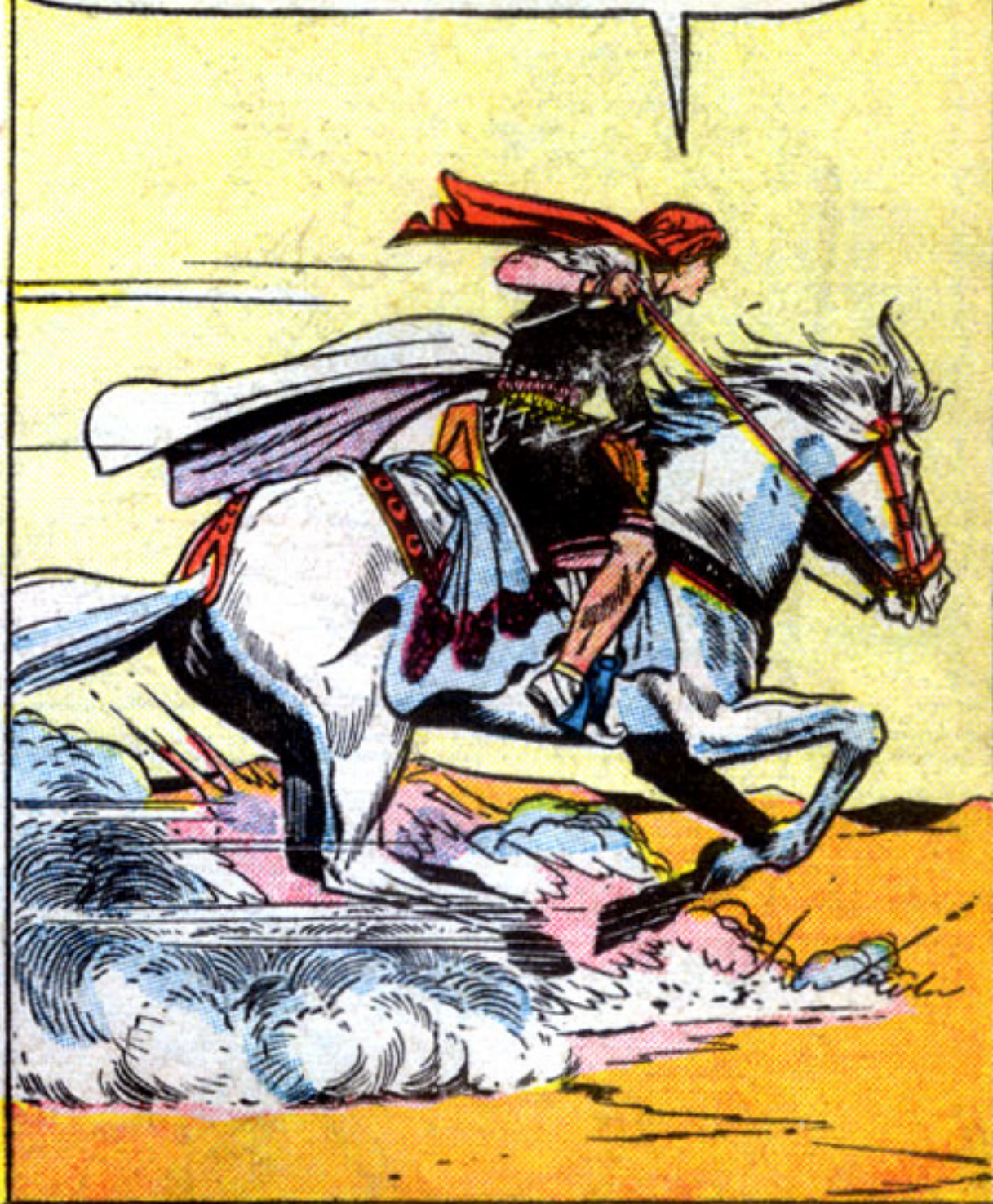
AND AS THE SULTAN AND HIS MEN RIDE OFF,
BABA'S MOTHER CALLS TO HIM...

BABA, SOMETHING
TERRIBLE HAS
HAPPENED...

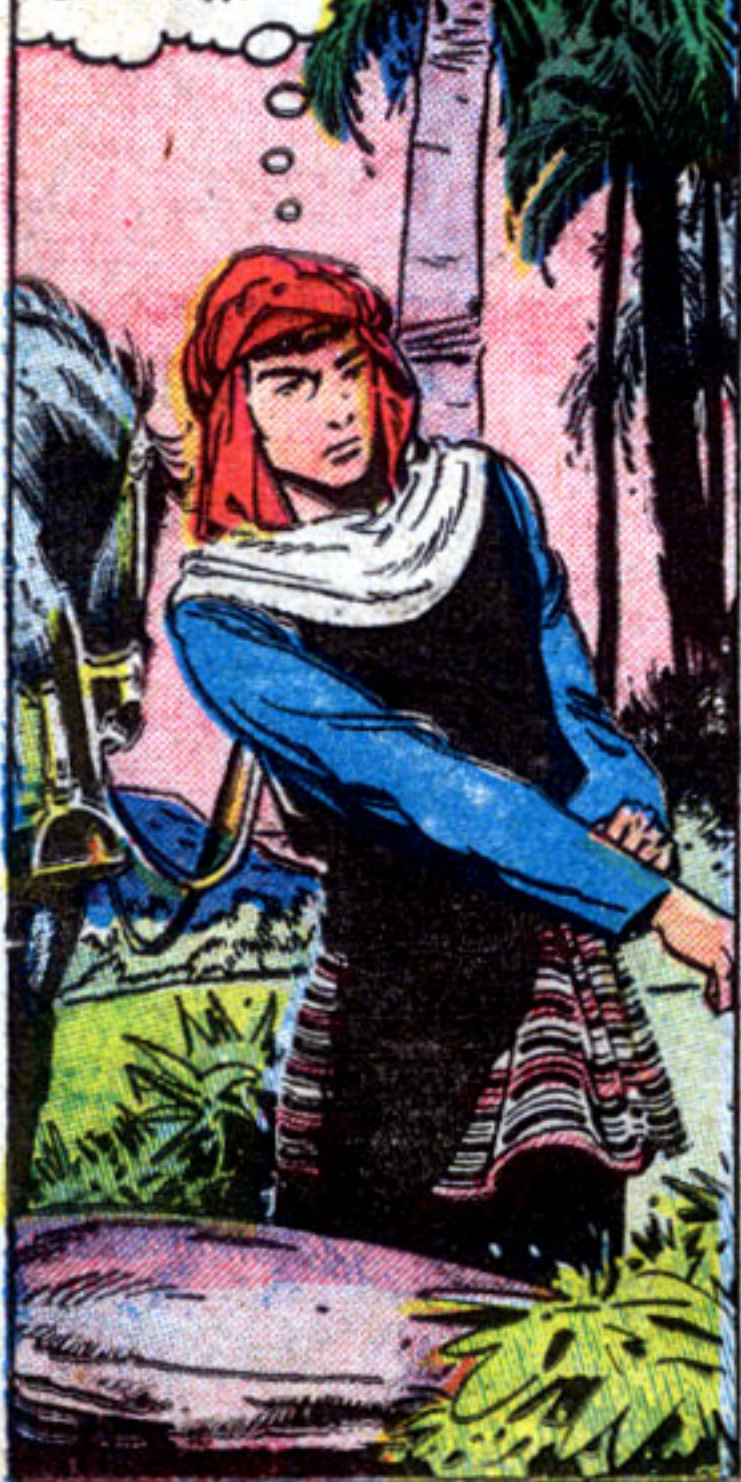
I KNOW, MOTHER, I
HEARD EVERYTHING.
QUICKLY, SEND A RIDER
AFTER THE SULTAN.
INSTRUCT HIM TO
FOLLOW ME TO THE
CAMP OF HASSIM.



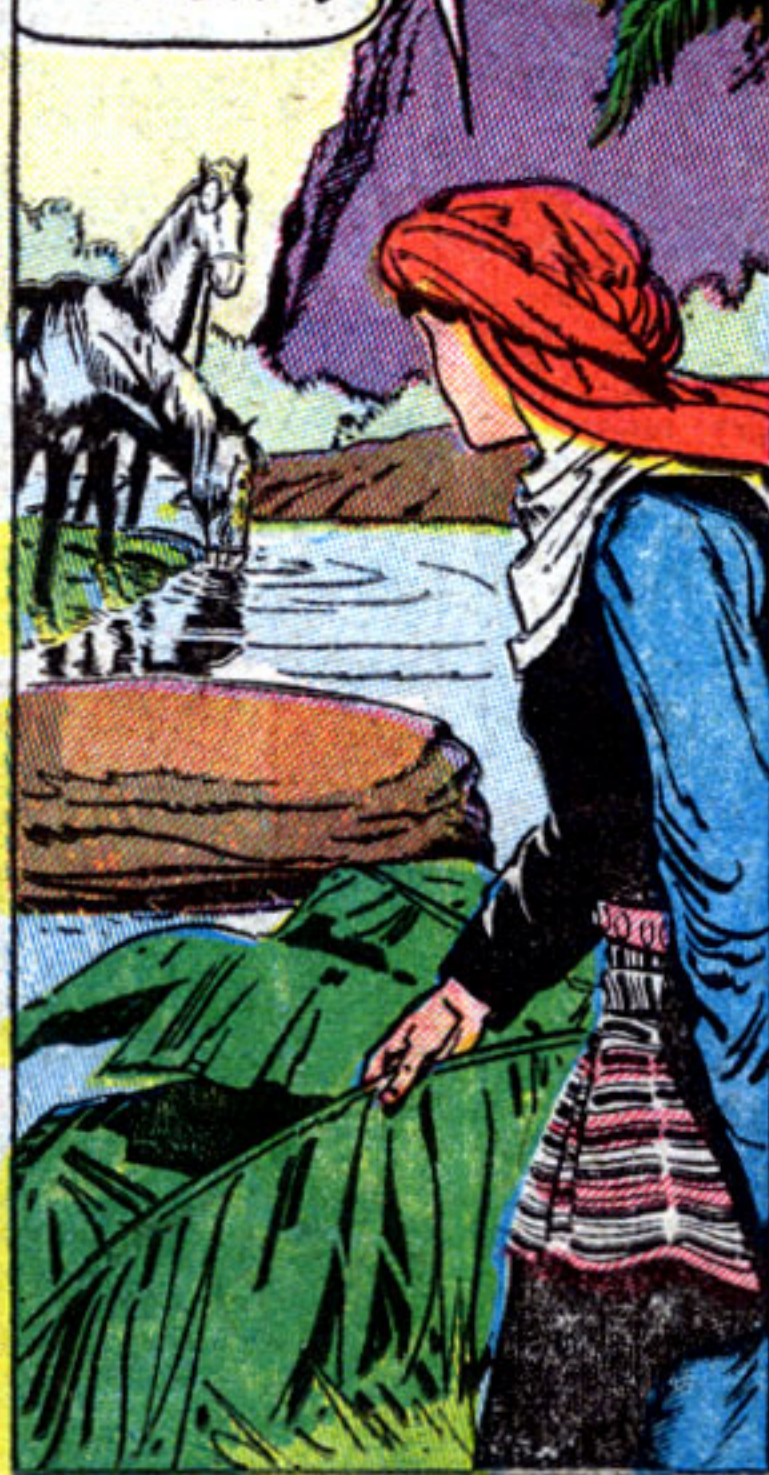
NOW I KNOW WHY THE BLACK STALLION
IN HASSIM'S CAMP LOOKS SO MUCH
LIKE MY SHEIK -- IT **WAS** SHEIK!
AND HE WAS STAINED BLACK WITH
A DYE MADE OF PRESSED DATES!



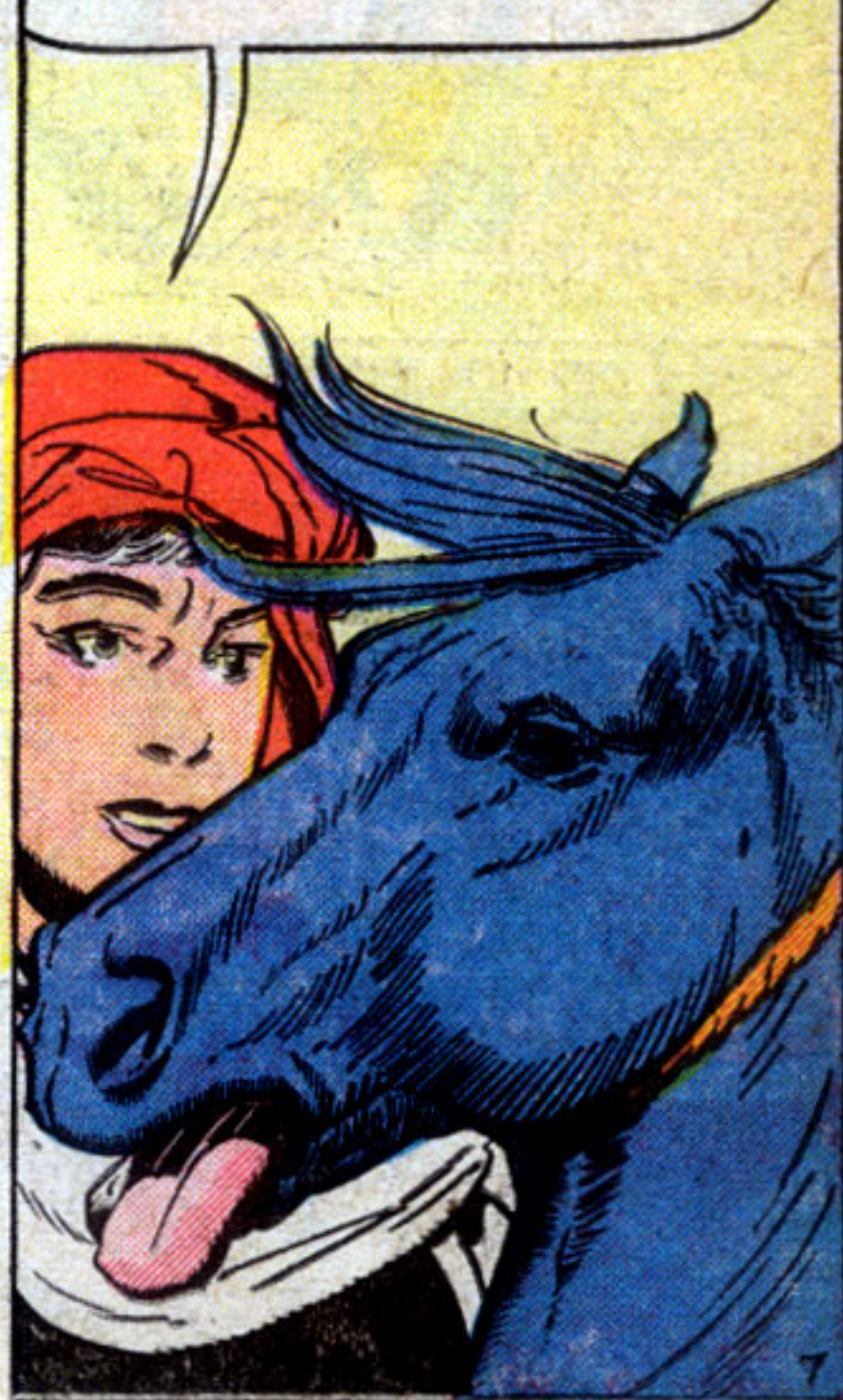
I MUST BE CAREFUL. I
AM LUCKY THAT I COULD
GET THIS NEAR TO
HASSIM'S
CAMP...



THOSE HORSES... BY
THE PROPHET'S
BEARD! ONE OF
THEM IS **MY
SHEIK!**



SHEIK! SHEIK! THEY HAVEN'T
HURT YOU, HAVE THEY...
DON'T WORRY, OLD FRIEND...
YOU ARE SAFE... OH, IT'S
GOOD TO BE WITH YOU!



... AND NOW, SHEIK, I'LL
HAVE YOU AWAY FROM
HERE BEFORE THEY...

WHAT'S
THAT?



YOU WILL TAKE THE
HORSE IF YOU
LIVE, TUAREG!

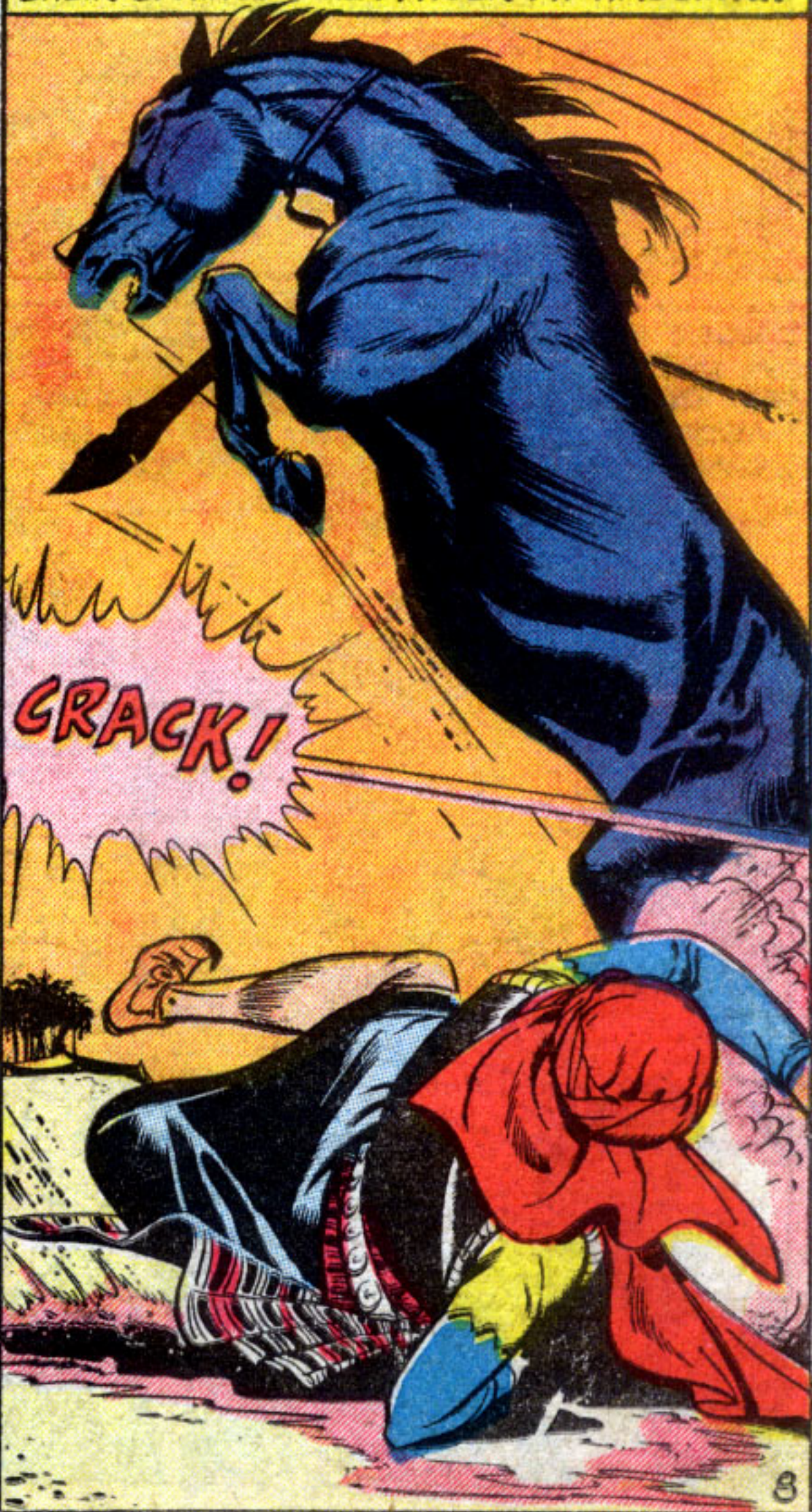


BUT HE IS MY HORSE - HE HAS BEEN
STOLEN... AND WHAT HAVE YOU THIEVES
DONE WITH THE SULTAN'S RUBY?

I, HASSIM,
HOLD THE
RUBY,
YOUNG
DOG...



AND WITH THE CRACK OF THE GUN, THE GREAT
SHEIK SPRINGS LIKE A TIGER AT HASSIM...



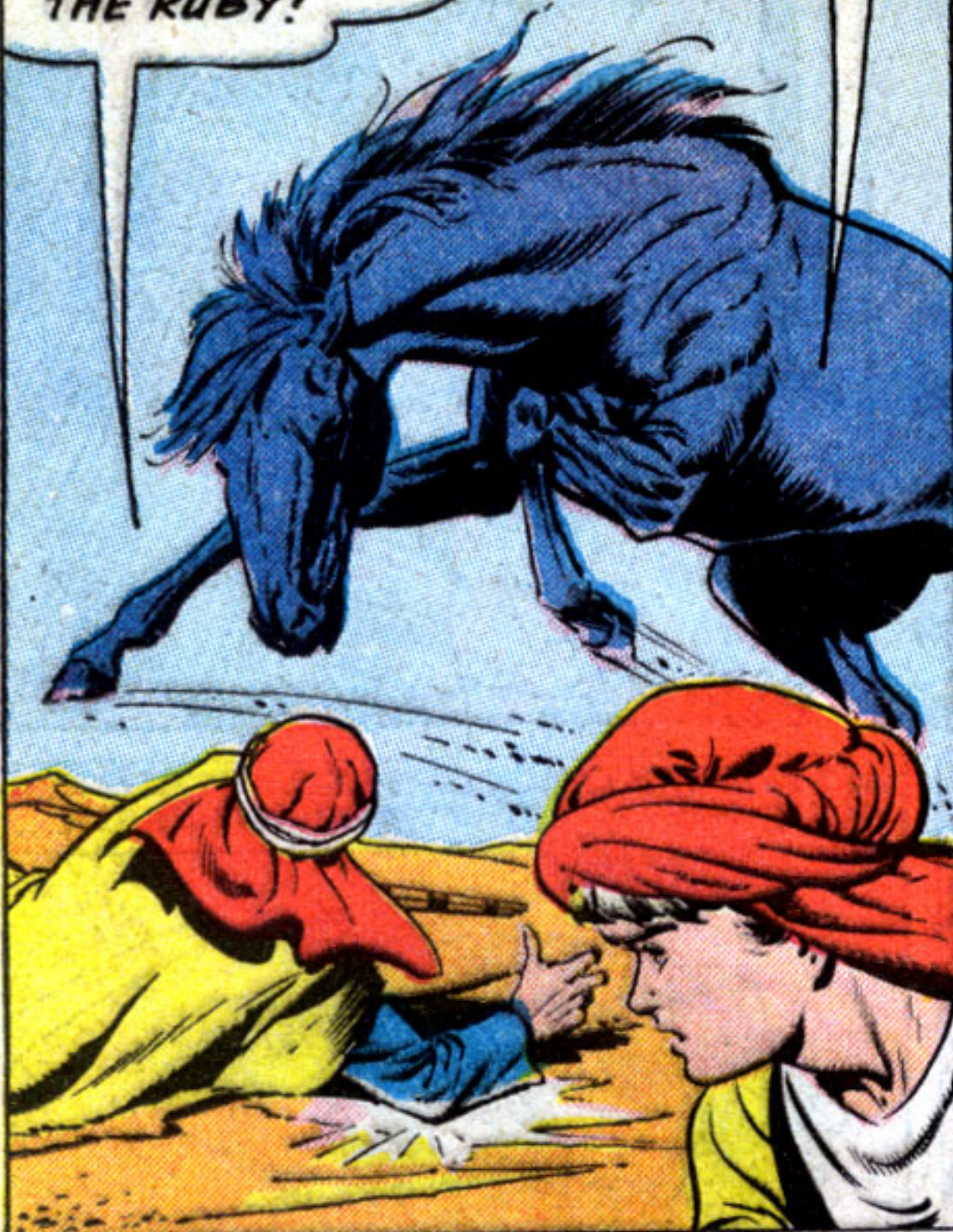
... BUT I DO NOT EXPLAIN
MY ACTIONS TO A YOUTHFUL
FOOL, ESPECIALLY
ONE WHO IS ABOUT
TO DIE--LIKE
THIS!

LOOK OUT,
SHEIK! HE'S
GOING TO
SHOOT!!



NO! NO! THE BEAST IS MAD! HELP! STOP HIM! HE'LL KILL ME! HELP ME AND I WILL GIVE ANYTHING-- **EVEN THE RUBY!**

VERY WELL... **STOP, SHEIK!** DO NOT TRAMPLE HIM! **STOP!!**



HASSIM'S HENCHMEN DASH TO HIS RESCUE-- AND AT THAT MOMENT THE SULTAN AND HIS WARRIORS PLUNGE ONTO THE SCENE...

THIS YOUNG DOG-- HE TRIED TO KILL ME!

MY RUBY! WHO HAS IT? I WILL KILL THE ONE WHO STOLE MY RUBY! **SPEAK!**

HE IS THE THIEF, EXCELLENCY, HE HAS THE RUBY!



HASSIM STOLE MY FAST WHITE HORSE TO GET THE RUBY. THEN HE DYED MY HORSE WITH PRESSED DATES AND HE LET ME TAKE THE BLAME FOR THE WHOLE THING...

LIES--LIES! YES, I HAVE THE RUBY BUT I TOOK IT FROM THIS THIEVING BOY BEFORE THE HORSE ATTACKED ME!



LATER, THE SULTAN KNOWS THE TRUE STORY AND HE SPEAKS WITH BABA...

MY SON, I AM VERY SORRY THAT I ACCUSED YOU AS I DID-- FOR NOW I KNOW HOW WELL THE EVIL HASSIM LIED... BUT HE WILL PAY WELL FOR IT... HERE, TAKE THIS GOLD AS A SMALL TOKEN OF MY APPRECIATION FOR ALL THAT YOU HAVE DONE!

THANK YOU, EXCELLENCY, I AM HONORED THAT I COULD HAVE BEEN OF SUCH SERVICE.



Sargasso Derelict



LAY ALOFT AND GET
THE CANVAS ON 'ER!
WE'VE GOT A STRONG
WIND AT OUR
BACKS!

WELL, WE'RE OFF,
PAULA, TAKE A LAST
LOOK AT GOOD
OLD ENGLAND.

OH DEAR, OUR
VOYAGE WILL BE
SUCH A LONG
ONE.

WE'RE MOVING!
WE'RE MOVING!

IT IS LATE IN THE 17TH CENTURY---A CARGO SHIP SAILS FROM LONDON FOR THE WEST INDIES, AND ITS ONLY PASSENGERS ARE FRED BARNES, HIS WIFE AND SMALL SON, WILL. LITTLE DO THEY REALIZE WHAT IS IN STORE FOR THEM BEFORE THEY REACH THE INDIES WHERE BARNES HOPES TO START A PLANTATION.

BUT SUDDENLY IN THE NORTH ATLANTIC, MUTINY BREAKS OUT ABOARD THE SHIP.

IT'S HIGH TIME THIS SHIP KNEW ITS RIGHT MASTERS!

YE'LL SWING FROM YARDARMS— EVERY MUTINOUS DOG OF YE!

HUSTLING HIS FAMILY TO THE SAFETY OF THEIR CABIN, FRED BARNES ARMED HIMSELF AND TOOK UP A POSITION OF DEFENSE...

DON'T LEAVE THE CABIN AND I'LL TAKE CARE OF ANY ROGUE WHO WOULD LAY A HAND ON US!

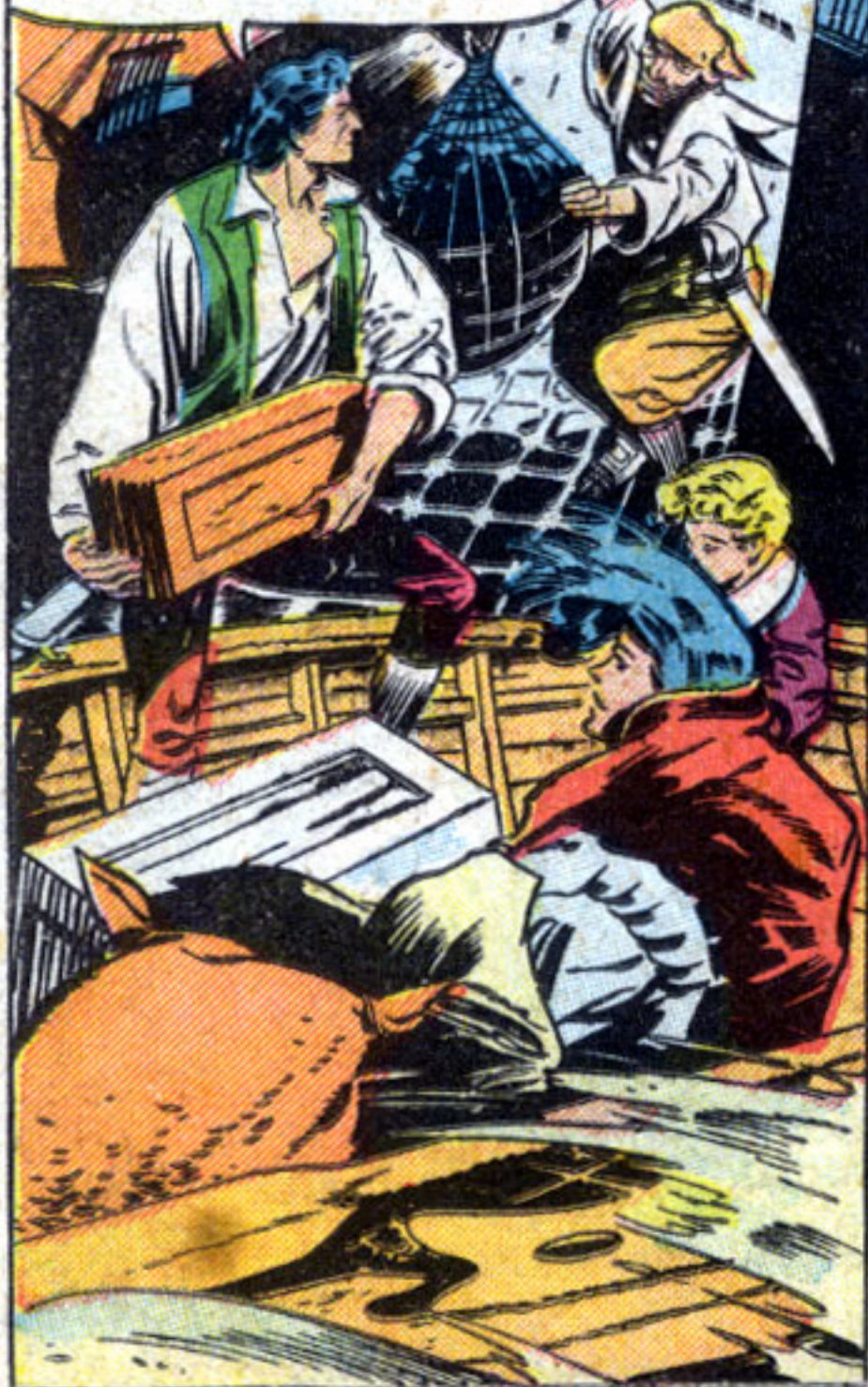
THEN-- THE LEADER OF THE MUTINEERS SHAMBLES UP TO FRED...

COME NO FURTHER OR YOU'RE A DEAD MAN!

HOLD YOUR FIRE, MATE, WE HAVE TAKEN THE SHIP BUT WE WON'T HARM YOU OR YOUR FAMILY!



WELL, AT LEAST BEING PUT OFF IN A SMALL BOAT IS MUCH BETTER THAN SEEING MY FAMILY HARMED. AND THESE SUPPLIES SHOULD KEEP US ALIVE.



AND HOURS LATER, AS FRED STRUGGLES AT THE OARS IN THE DOGGED HOPE THAT LAND WILL SOMEHOW BE REACHED.



MOTHER! DADDY! LOOK!

AND BEFORE THE STARTLED GAZE OF THE LITTLE FAMILY THERE LOOMS A GRAVEYARD OF SHIPS; ANCIENT ROTTING QUEENS OF THE DEEP, HUDDLED TOGETHER IN THE UNENDING EMBRACE OF THE SARGASSO SEA.

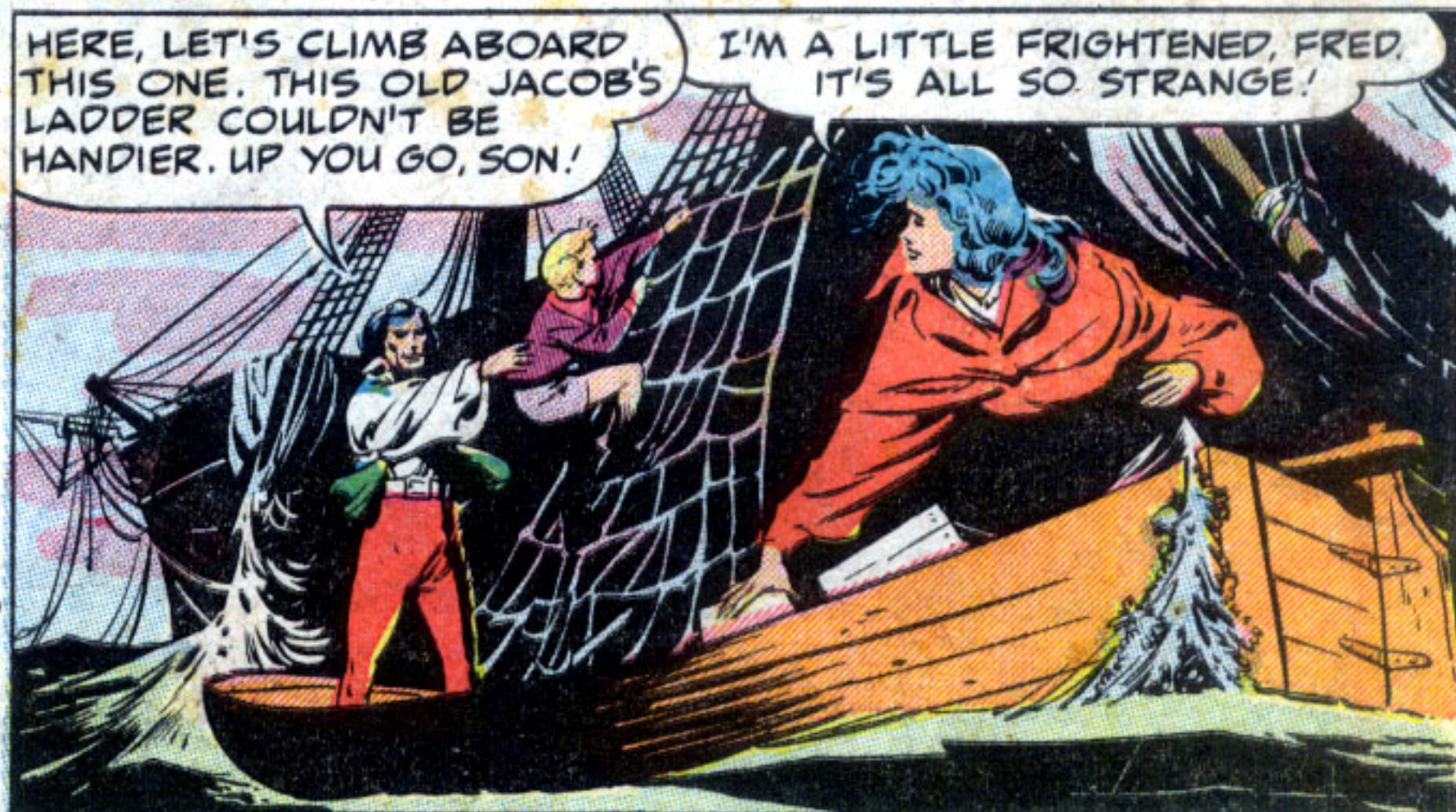


IT SEEMS LIKE A PICTURE OF DEATH.

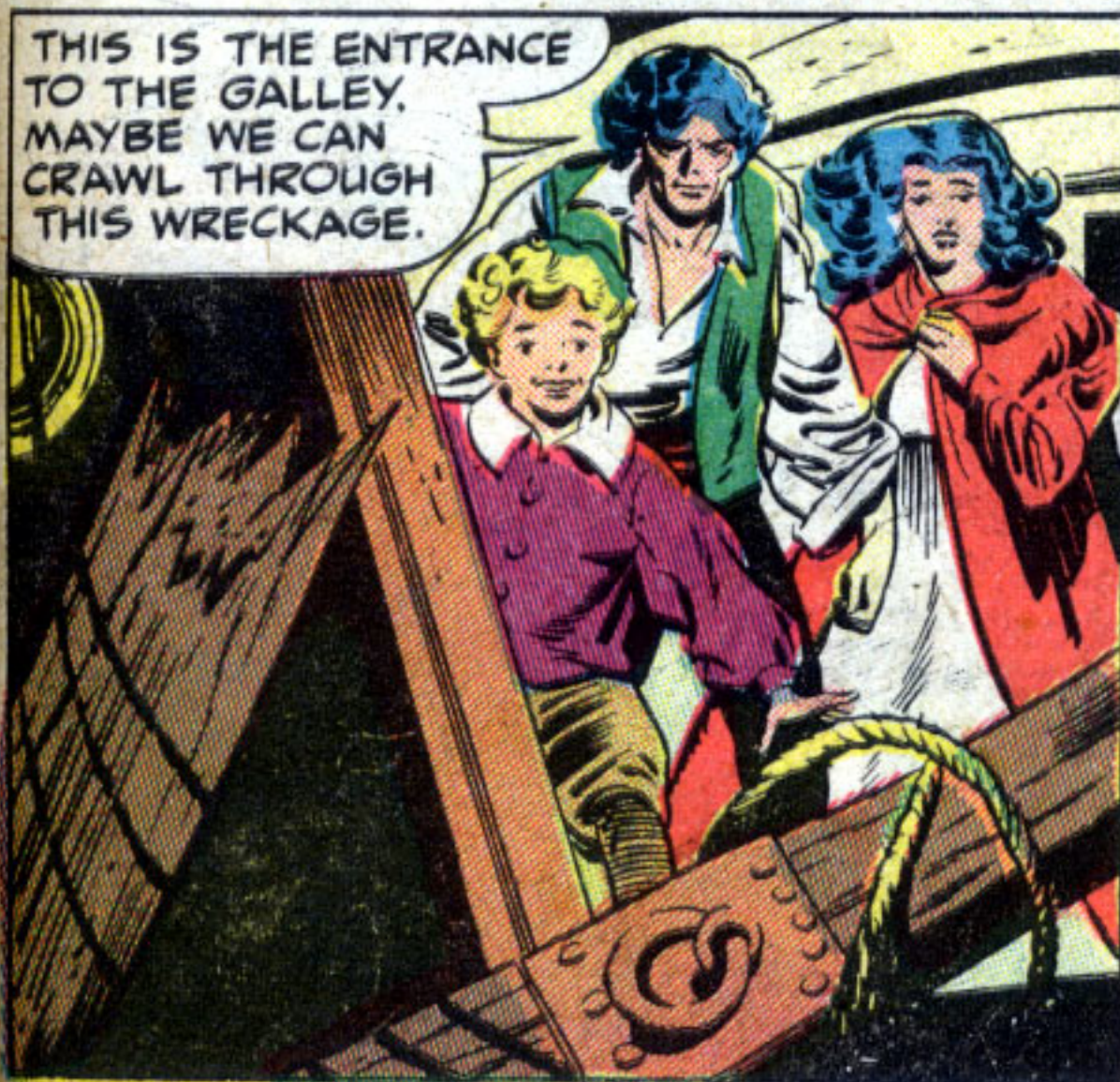
YES, THIS IS THE SARGASSO SEA; OR THE ISLE OF LOST SHIPS, A STRANGE SPOT IN THE ATLANTIC OCEAN WHERE CURRENTS FROM VARIOUS DIRECTIONS MEET IN ONE SLOWLY TURNING AREA THAT EVENTUALLY ATTRACTS THE DERELICTS, AND LIKE THE HEAVY BINDING SEAWEED, THE WRECKS HAVE COME TO NEST YEAR AFTER YEAR - ALL SHAPES AND SIZES, FROM EVERY LAND, LOCKED TOGETHER, IN WHAT SEEMS A FITTING AND FINAL RESTING PLACE FOR THE AGED OF THE SEA...

HERE, LET'S CLIMB ABOARD THIS ONE. THIS OLD JACOB'S LADDER COULDN'T BE HANDIER. UP YOU GO, SON!

I'M A LITTLE FRIGHTENED, FRED. IT'S ALL SO STRANGE!



THIS IS THE ENTRANCE TO THE GALLEY. MAYBE WE CAN CRAWL THROUGH THIS WRECKAGE.

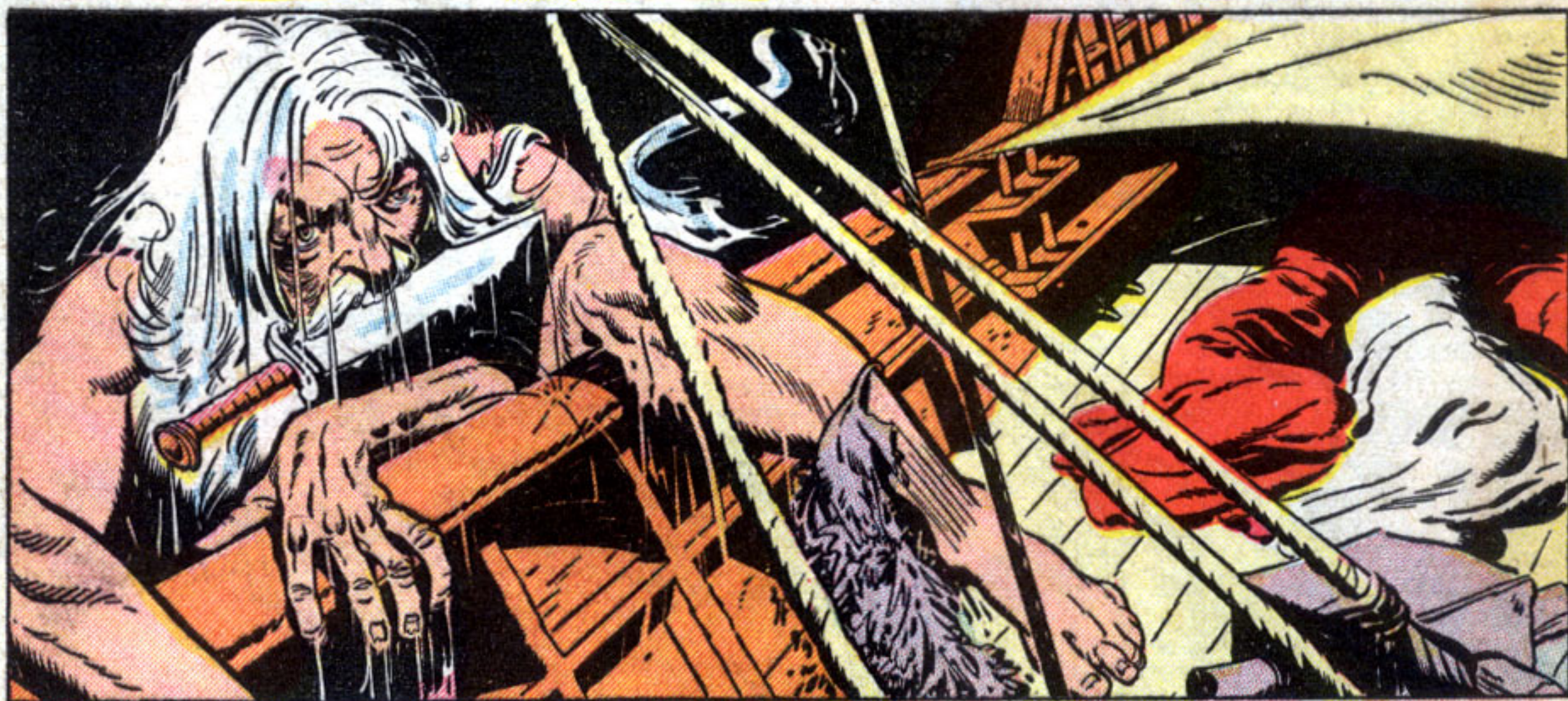


LOOK - THERE SEEMS TO BE AMPLE STORES FOR SUCH AN OLD DERELICT.



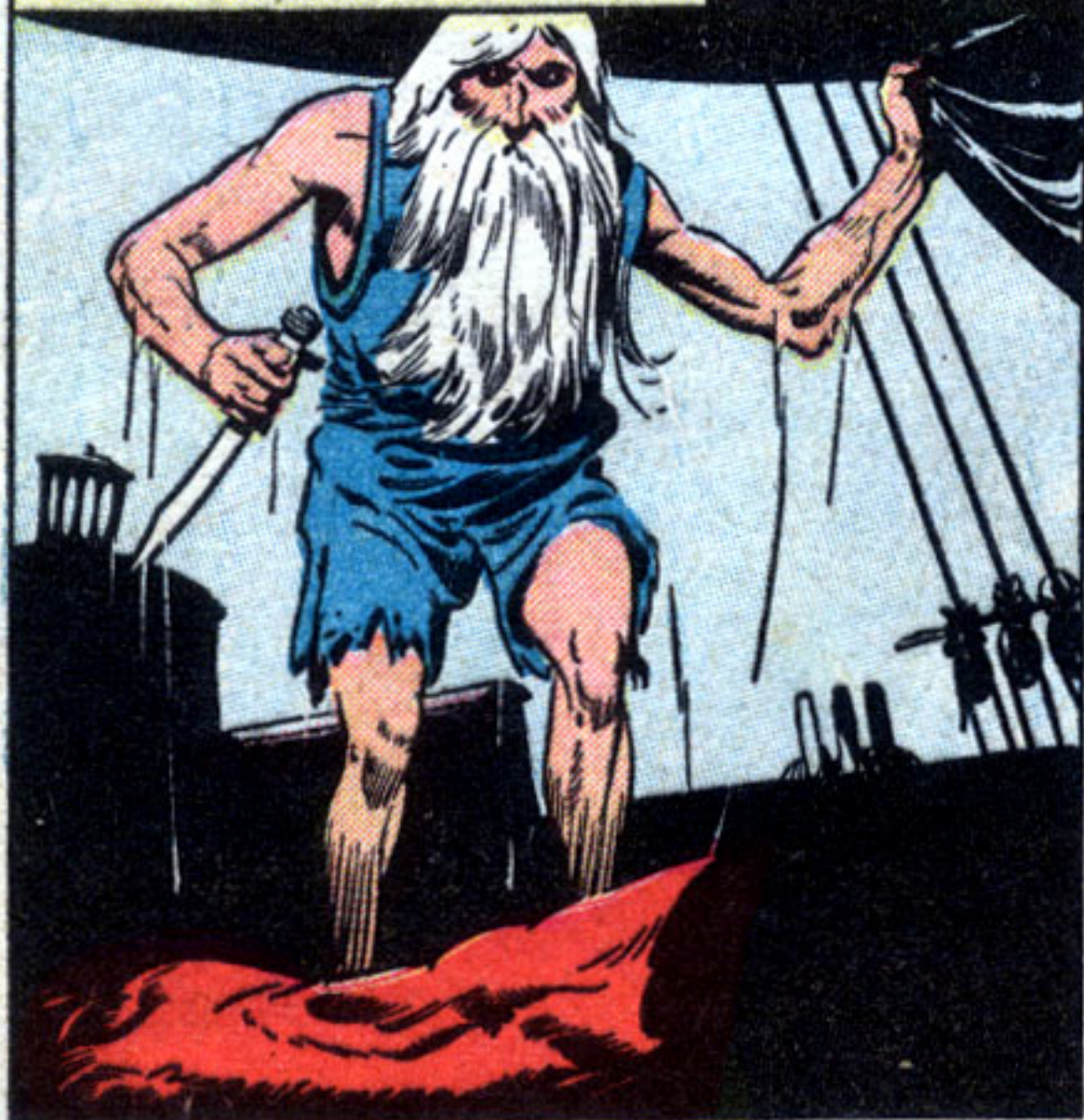


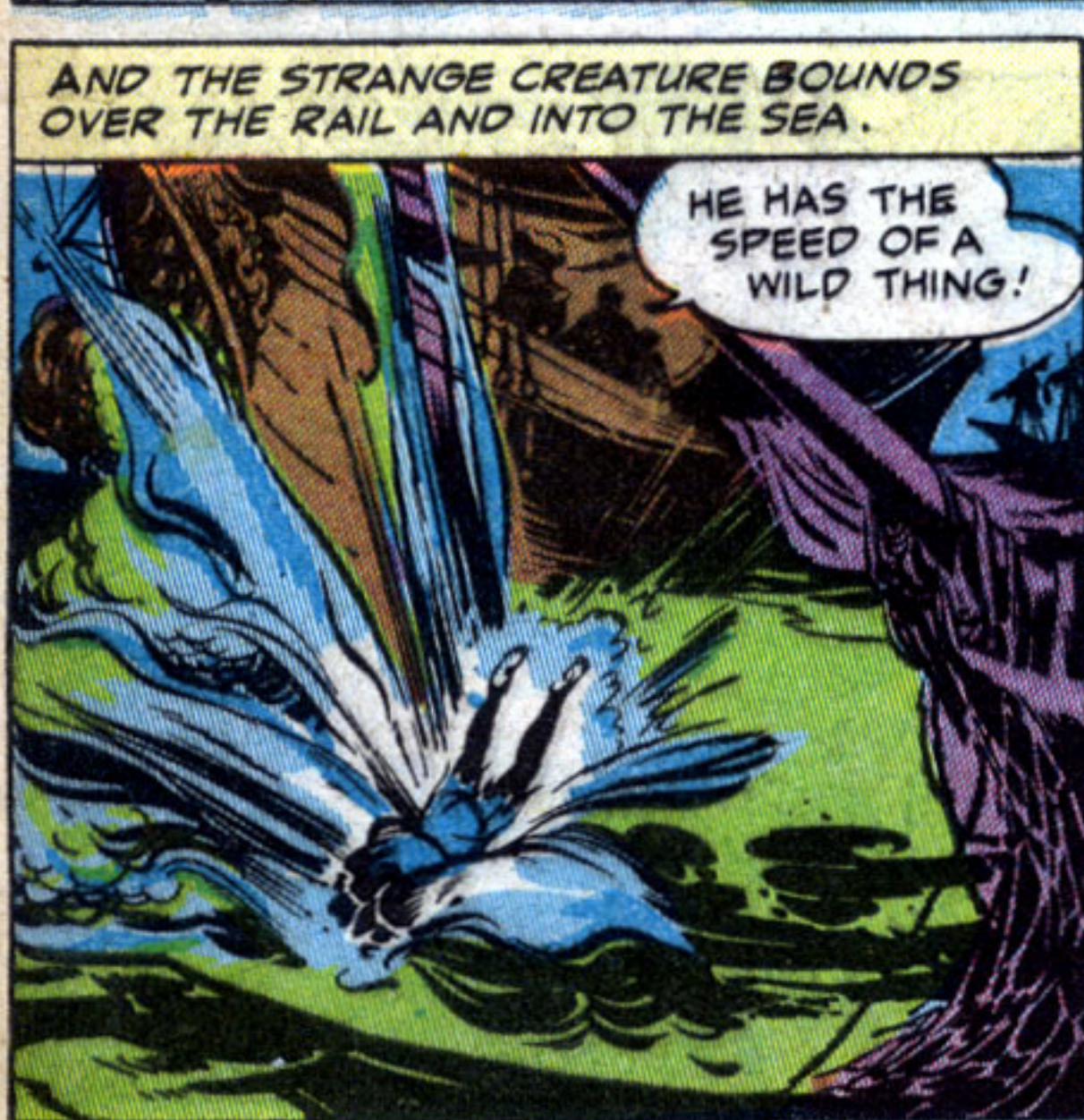
AND SOON, FATIGUE, COMBINED WITH THE SOFT WINDS, BRINGS SOOTHING SLEEP TO THE LITTLE FAMILY... ALL IS QUIET--THERE'S ONLY THE SOUND OF WATER LAPPING AT THE OLD HULK'S SIDES. THEN, FROM THE RAIL COMES A RASPING SOUND AND...



THE OLD CREATURE MAKES A WEIRD SIGHT AS HE PAUSES AND SURVEYS THE SLEEPING TRIO IN THE MOONLIGHT...

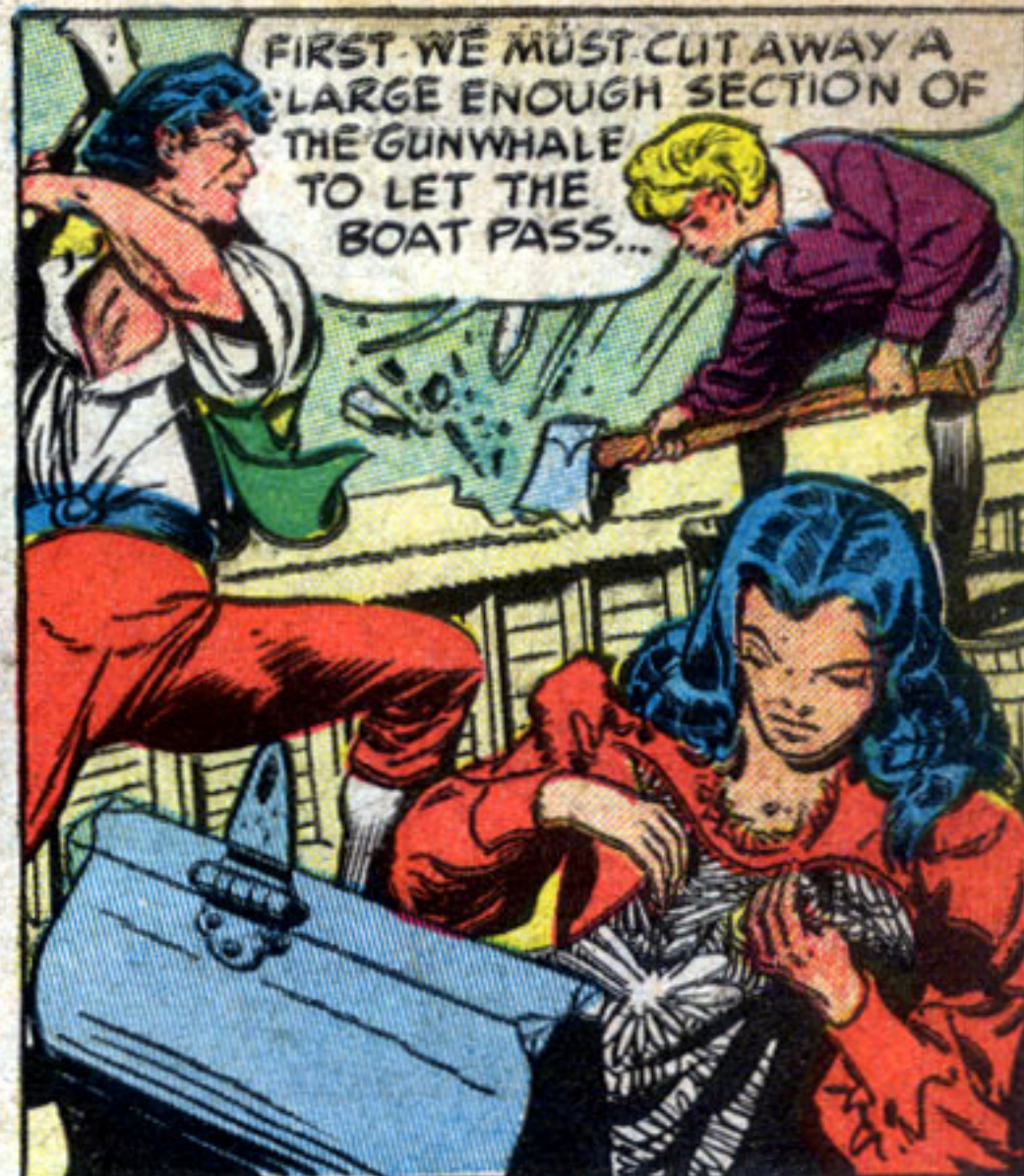
THEN, WITH THE STEALTH THAT IS MORE OF THE ANIMAL THAN OF THE MAN, HE PLUNGES TO ONE KNEE BESIDE THE SLEEPERS AND RAISES HIS KNIFE.





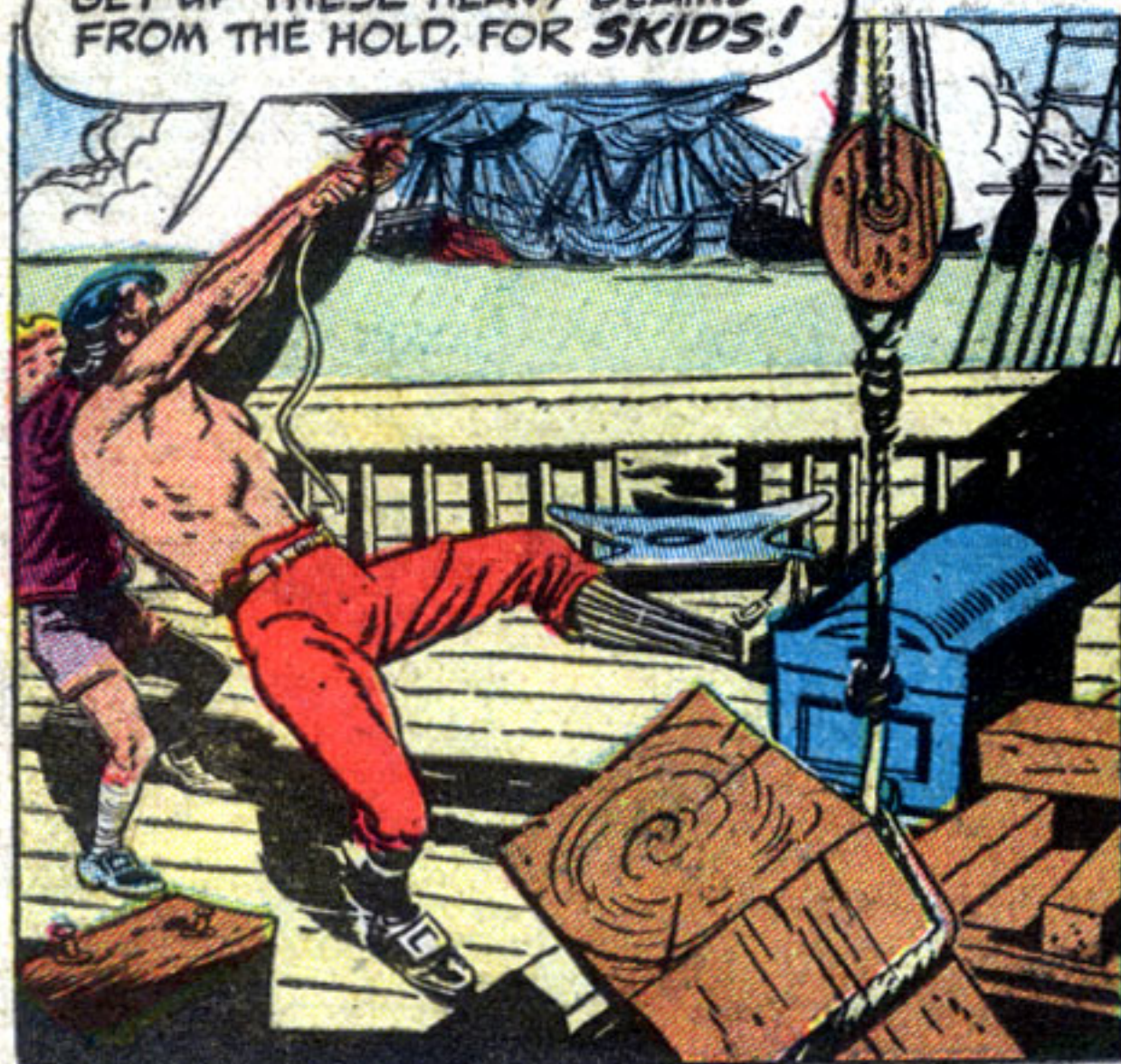
AND NOW, WITH THE IDEA IN MIND OF LAUNCHING THE SMALL SAILBOAT, FRED AND YOUNG WILL ARE IN THE CARPENTER SHOP IN THE HOLD OF THE SHIP.

WELL, SON, I THINK LUCK IS WITH US. MAYBE SOME OLD TOOLS HERE AND A BLOCK AND TACKLE MADE FROM OLD RIGGING WILL BE THE ANSWER TO LAUNCHING THAT SAILBOAT.

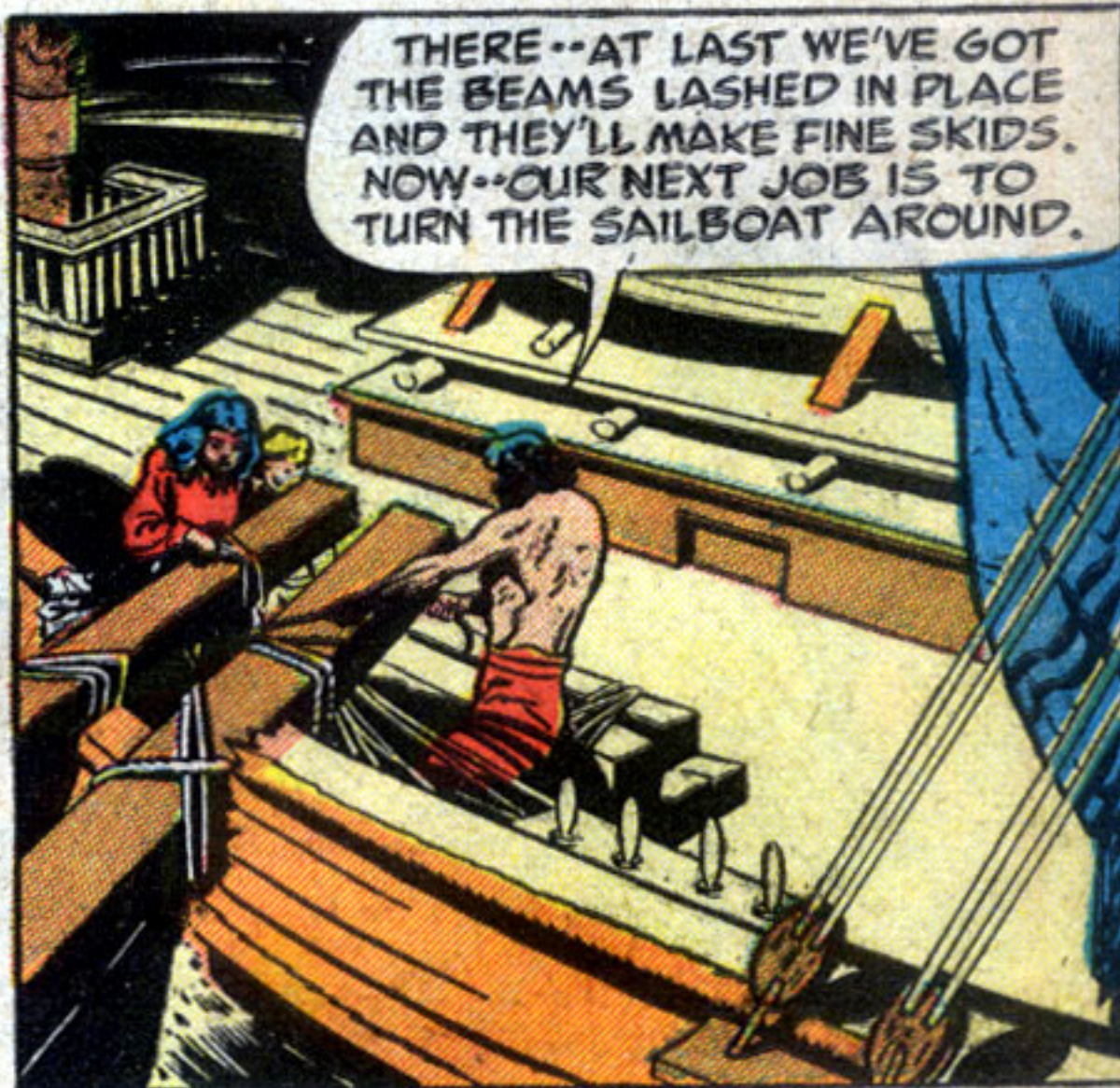


FIRST WE MUST CUT AWAY A LARGE ENOUGH SECTION OF THE GUNWHALE TO LET THE BOAT PASS...

PULL, WILL, PULL! WE MUST GET UP THESE HEAVY BEAMS FROM THE HOLD, FOR SKIDS!



THERE--AT LAST WE'VE GOT THE BEAMS LASHED IN PLACE AND THEY'LL MAKE FINE SKIDS. NOW--OUR NEXT JOB IS TO TURN THE SAILBOAT AROUND.



WELL, IT WAS A HARD TASK, FRED. THOSE TIMBERS WERE SO HUGE, BUT I **STILL** DON'T SEE HOW YOU AND WILL CAN EVER DRAG THAT HEAVY BOAT TO THE WATER.

I'M WONDERING ABOUT IT TOO, FATHER...



GETTING THAT BOAT TO THE WATER IS OUR ONE HOPE OF SAFE PASSAGE FROM HERE...AND NOW I WILL SHOW YOU OUR NEXT STEP...



STAND BACK! THIS OIL WILL
MAKE AN AWFUL MESS--
THERE SHE GOES!

LOOK OUT,
MOTHER!

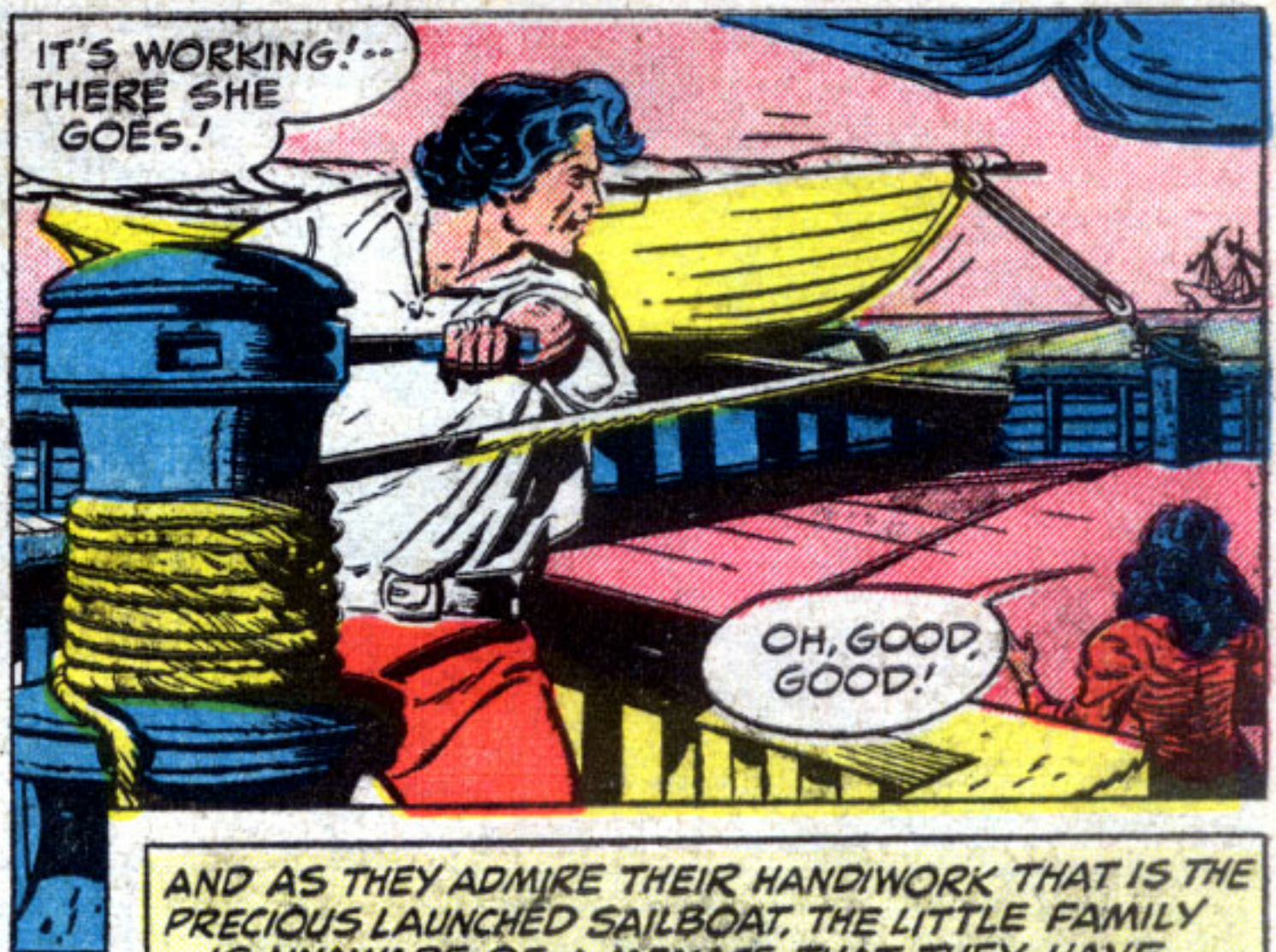
THIS STUFF ISN'T VERY PRETTY
BUT WE'RE LUCKY TO HAVE
IT FOR THESE SKIDS!

DEAR, I
HOPE IT
WORKS,
FRED.

AND WITH BLOCK-AND-TACKLE POWER FROM A CAPSTAN,
FRED DRAWS THE SAILBOAT OFF THE DECK AND ONTO THE SKIDS.

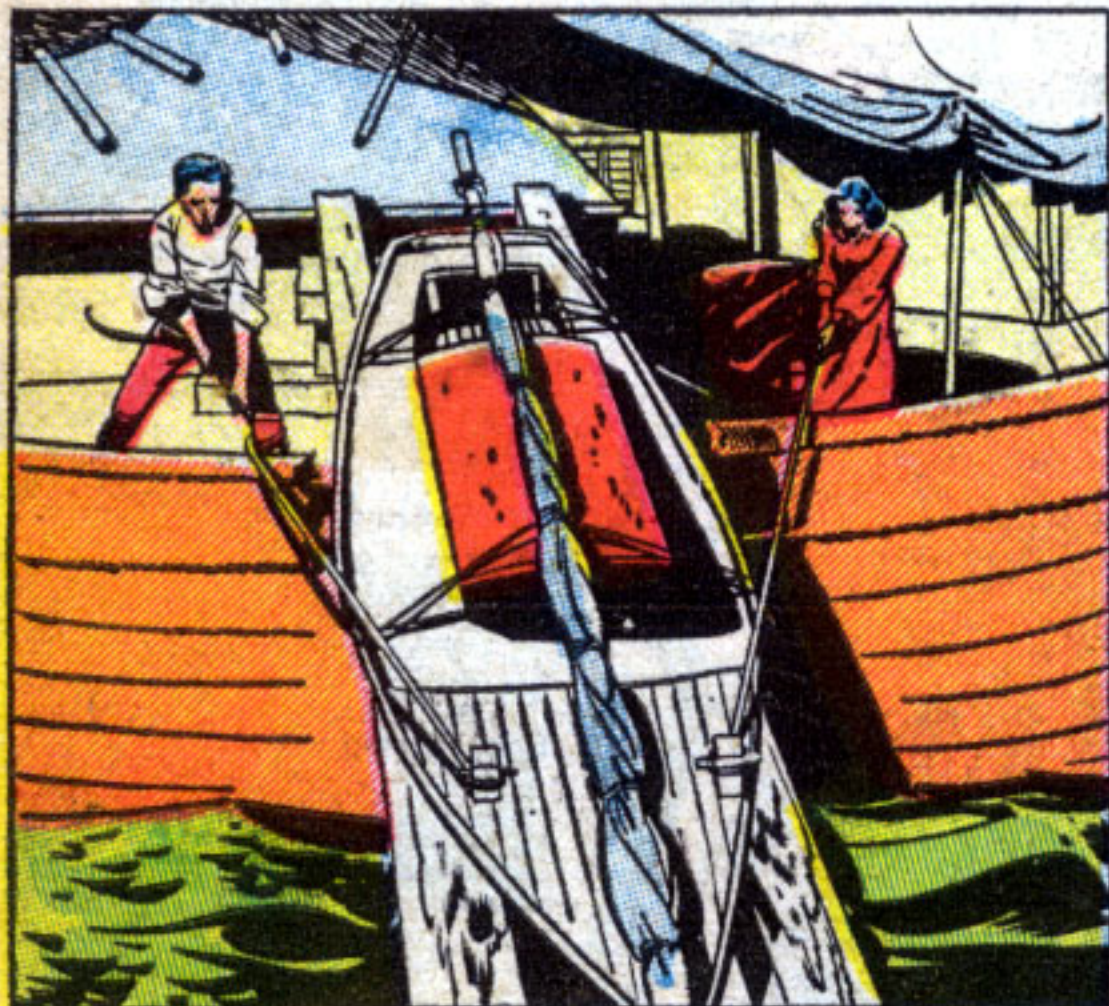


IT'S WORKING!--
THERE SHE
GOES!

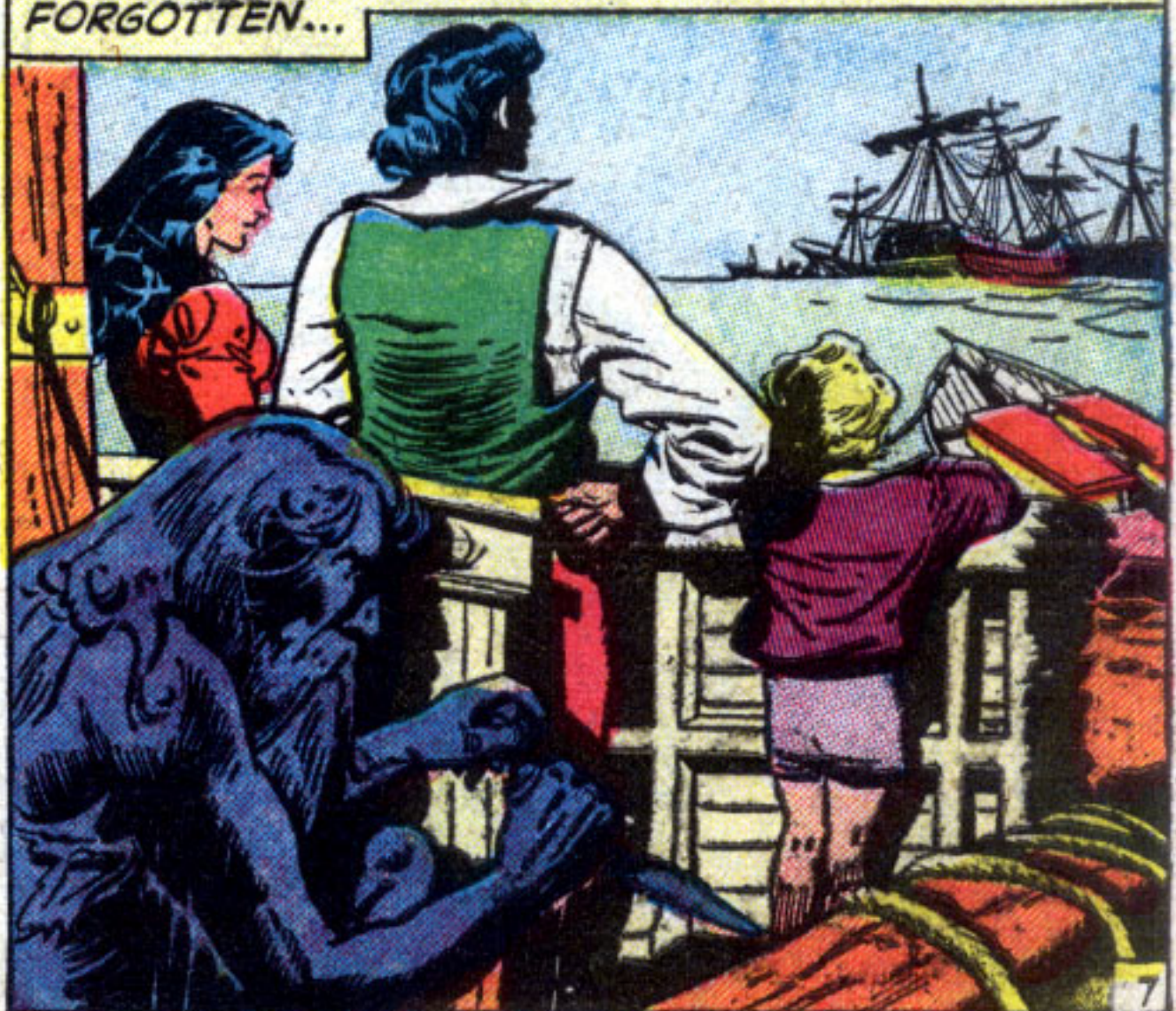


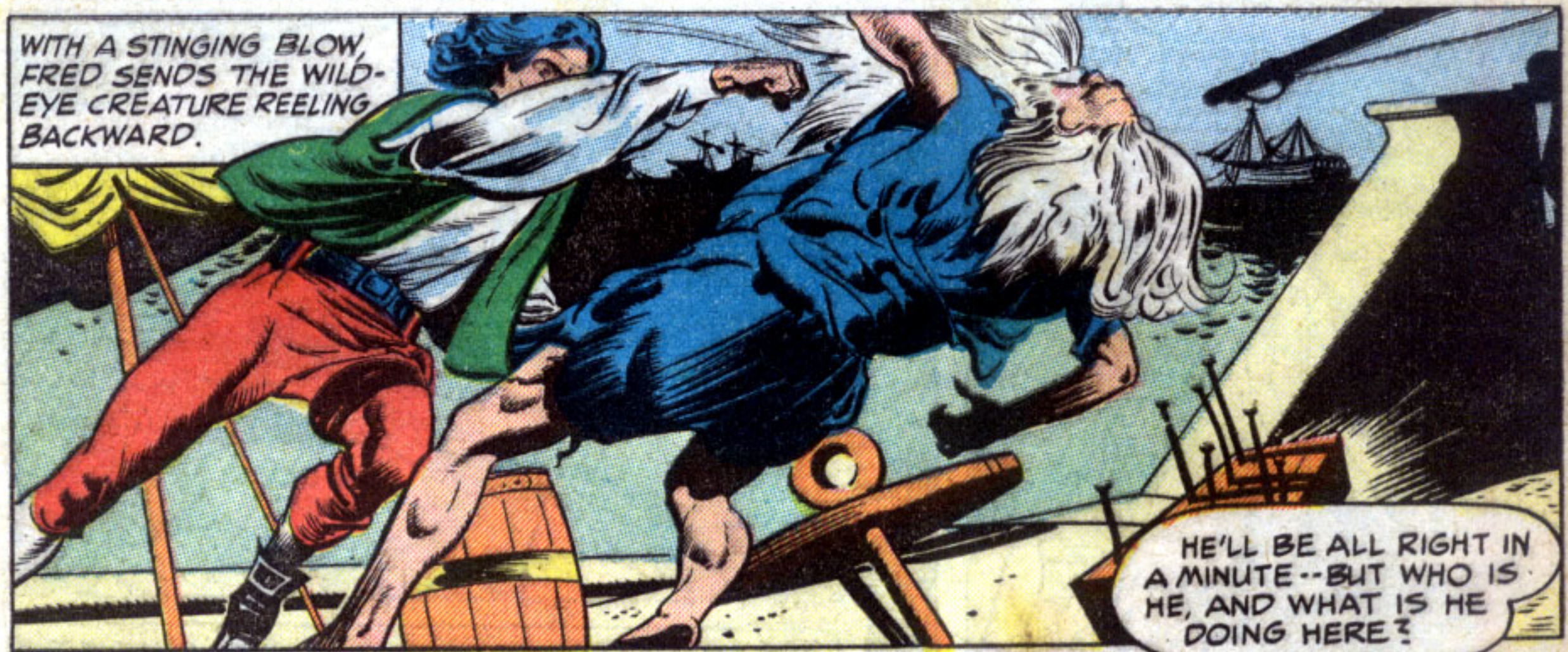
OH, GOOD,
GOOD!

AND AS THEY ADMIRE THEIR HANDIWORK THAT IS THE
PRECIOUS LAUNCHED SAILBOAT, THE LITTLE FAMILY
IS UNAWARE OF A MENACE THAT THEY HAVE
FORGOTTEN...



AND FRED AND HIS WIFE CHECK THE SAIL-
BOAT'S SLIDE AS IT GOES INTO THE WATER...



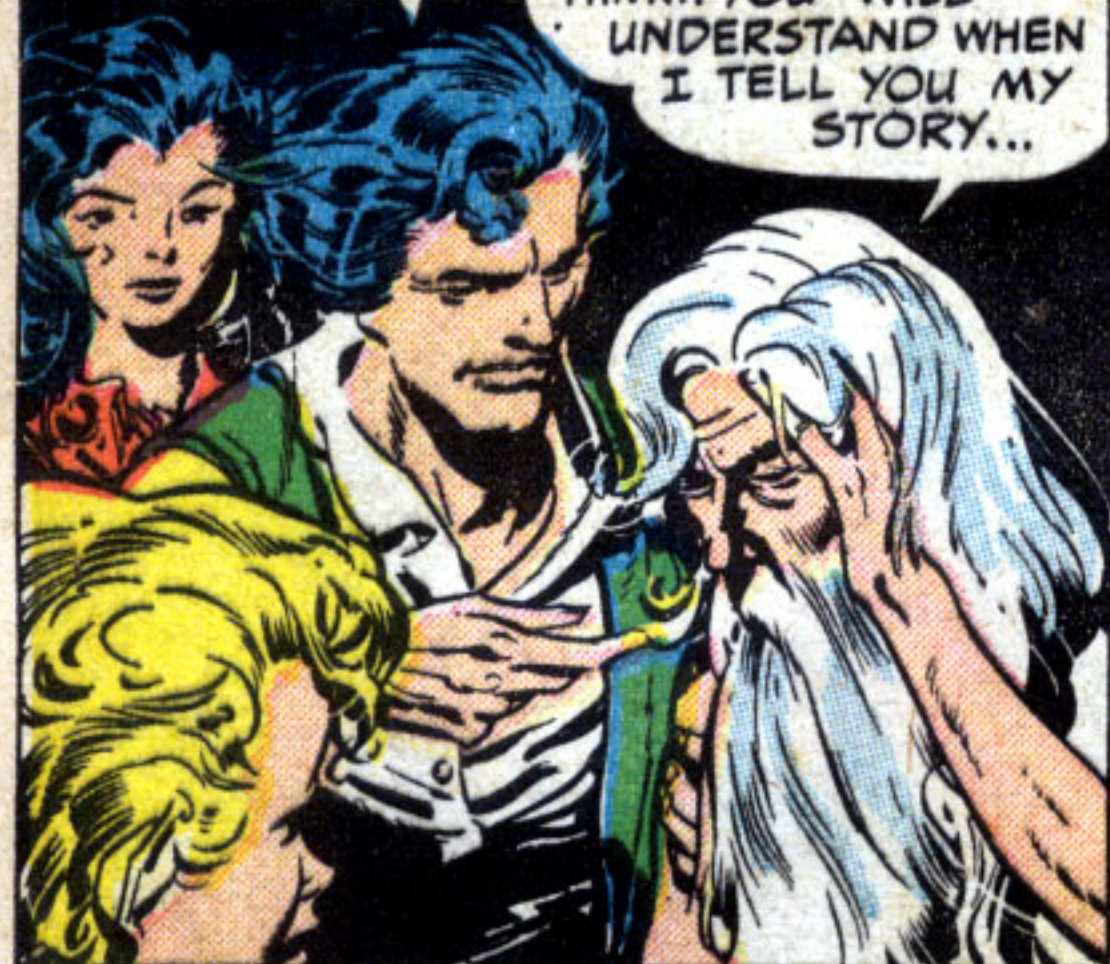


WHAT DID YOU MEAN WHEN YOU CRIED OUT THE NAME **FOSS**? IS THAT **YOUR** NAME?

OH, NO, NO! I'M NOT BEN FOSS. MY NAME IS **WALTER BENSON**. I **KILLED** BEN FOSS... YES, I **HAD** TO KILL HIM... YOU WILL UNDERSTAND WHEN I TELL YOU MY STORY...

"BEN FOSS AND I WERE SHIPMATES ON H.M.S. QUEEN OF LONDON... WE WERE ATTACKED BY PIRATES, OUR SHIP BLEW UP, AND IN A SMALL BOAT FOSS AND I GOT HERE TO THE ISLE OF LOST SHIPS SAFELY... HERE WE DISCOVERED A TREASURE BUT FOSS PROVED TO BE GREEDY, AND AT NIGHT TRIED TO KILL ME-- IN SELF DEFENSE I KILLED HIM AND EVER SINCE, MY MIND HAS DESERTED ME. THIS SUDDEN BLOW LIFTS A CLOUD OF DARKNESS AND AGAIN I CAN REMEMBER. NOW-- COME ALONG WITH ME. I WISH TO SHOW YOU SOMETHING..."

...IT IS ON ANOTHER SHIP BUT THEY ARE SO CLOSE TOGETHER. WE WILL HAVE NO TROUBLE GETTING THERE.



CAREFUL-- HERE WE ARE-- THIS IS THE SHIP.

DON'T FALL, WILL.



AND DEEP IN THE HOLD OF THE ANCIENT GALLEON, THE LITTLE PARTY PAUSES AND PEERS TIMIDLY INTO THE MUSKY GLOOM...

IT'S IN HERE-- HERE'S WHERE IT IS!

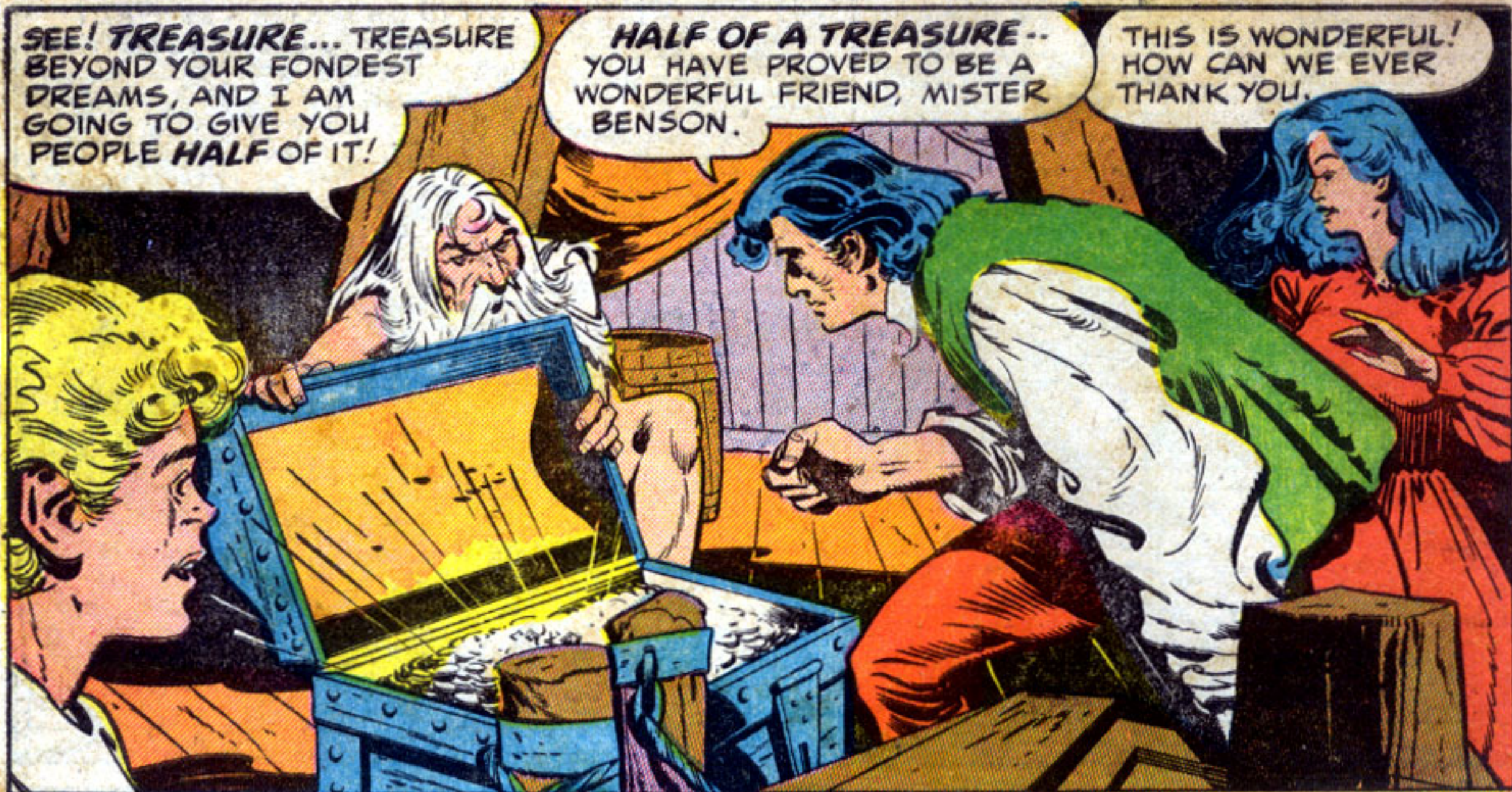
IT'S LIKE A TOMB.



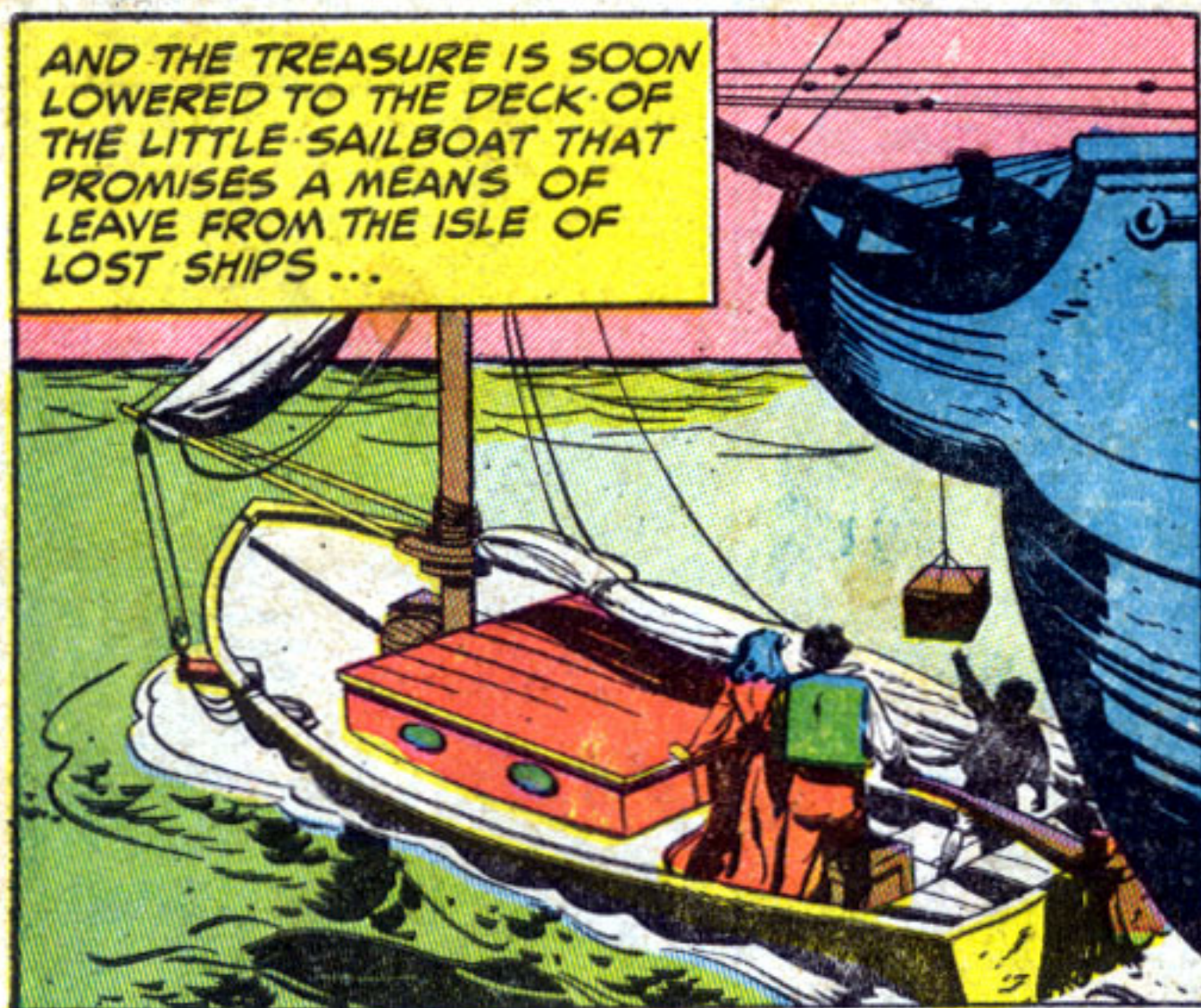
SEE! TREASURE... TREASURE BEYOND YOUR FONDEST DREAMS, AND I AM GOING TO GIVE YOU PEOPLE HALF OF IT!

HALF OF A TREASURE-- YOU HAVE PROVED TO BE A WONDERFUL FRIEND, MISTER BENSON.

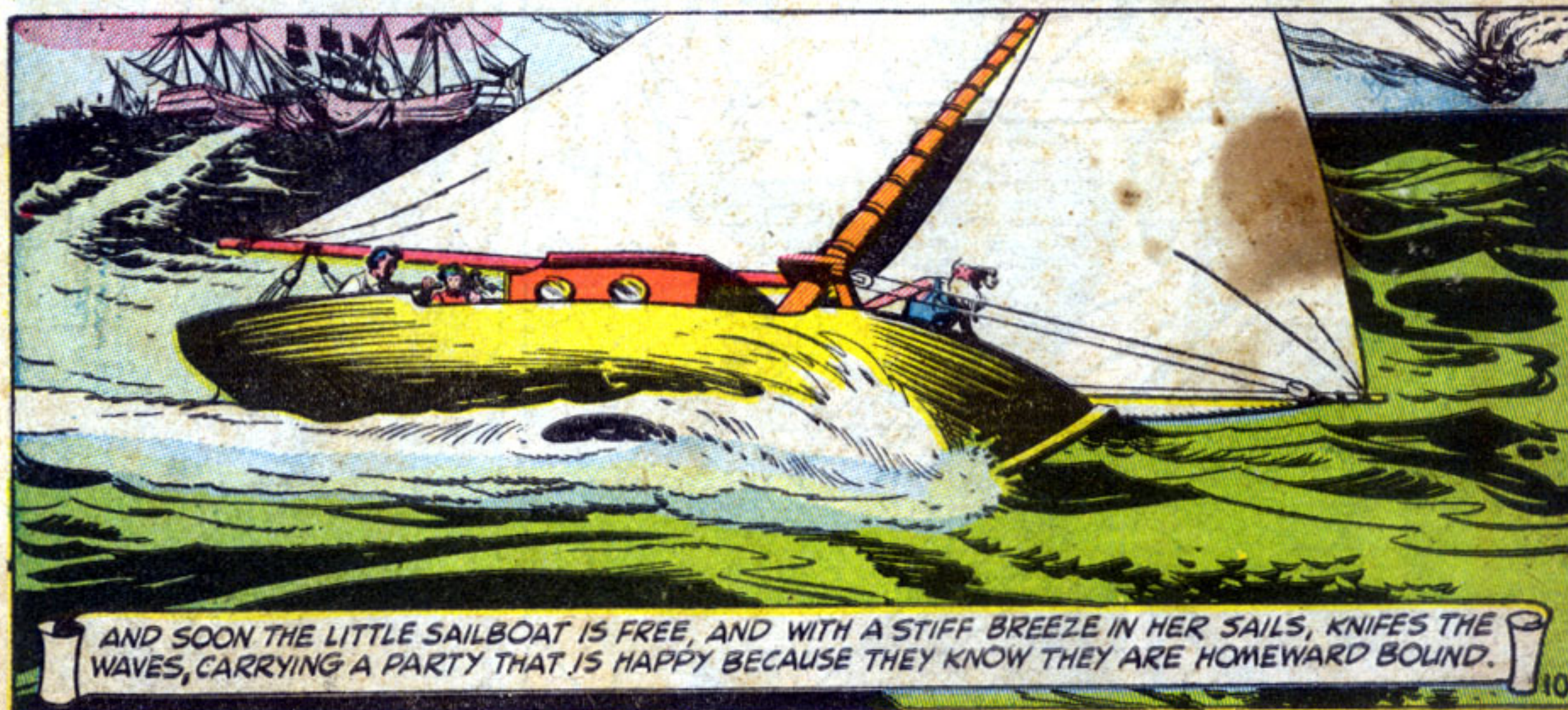
THIS IS WONDERFUL! HOW CAN WE EVER THANK YOU.



AND THE TREASURE IS SOON LOWERED TO THE DECK OF THE LITTLE SAILBOAT THAT PROMISES A MEANS OF LEAVE FROM THE ISLE OF LOST SHIPS...



IT'S A HARD JOB GETTING OUT OF THE CLUTCHES OF THIS HEAVY SEAWEED!



AND SOON THE LITTLE SAILBOAT IS FREE, AND WITH A STIFF BREEZE IN HER SAILS, KNIFES THE WAVES, CARRYING A PARTY THAT IS HAPPY BECAUSE THEY KNOW THEY ARE HOMEWARD BOUND.

NECKERCHIEF IS PICTURED ON INSIDE FRONT COVER

**BUDDIES! WEAR YOUR
NECKERCHIEF THIS WAY**



**SWEETHEARTS, WEAR
YOUR NECKERCHIEF
AS A BABUSHKA!**

Every member of my Buster Brown Gang is going to want one of these bright, colorful neckerchiefs. It's shown here in black and white, but the one you'll get will be in beautiful orange, green and brown. It's big, too—22x24 inches. Notice that it pictures Buster and Tige, Froggy the gremlin, Squeekie the mouse, Grandy the piano and Midnight the cat. And, oh yes, I'm there, too, right in the middle.

Smilin' Ed McConnell

This gleaming gold-colored metal clip comes with every neckerchief. There's a picture of Buster and Tige right in the center. It's an emblem that every member of my gang will be proud to wear.



A neckerchief and clip of this high quality would sell in the stores for 80¢ or more. But these neckerchiefs were made up especially and exclusively for Buster Brown Gang members, and the cost for both the neckerchief and the clip, mailed right to your home, is only 25¢.

HOW TO GET YOUR NECKERCHIEF

It's easy. All you have to do is to fill out the coupon at the right, paste a quarter in the circle shown there and mail to me. Just address the envelope to:

Smilin' Ed McConnell,
P. O. Box 3355,
St. Louis 3, Missouri.

Smilin' Ed McConnell
P. O. Box 3355, St. Louis 3, Missouri
Dear Smilin' Ed:
I am a member of the Buster Brown Gang.
I wear Buster Brown Shoes. I buy them at

.....
(DEALER'S NAME)

.....
(DEALER'S ADDRESS)

My name is..... I am... years old.

My address is.....

.....
I enclose 25¢ for which please send me the Buster Brown Gang neckerchief and clip.

**PASTE
25¢
HERE**



BUSTER BROWN'S

School Days Jamboree

Come a-running, buddies, for back-to-school shoes! They're Buster Browns...best school shoes in town! Ask mom to take you to your Buster Brown shoeman soon.

